

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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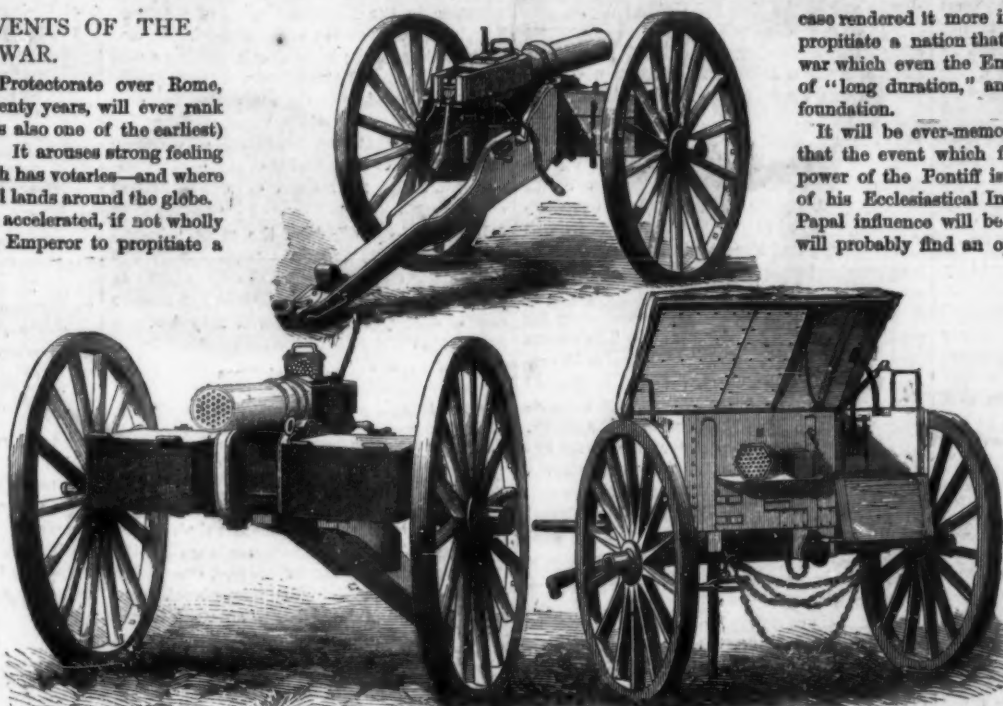
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THE FIRST GREAT EVENTS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The termination of the French Protectorate over Rome, after an existence of more than twenty years, will ever rank among the most prominent (as it is also one of the earliest) effects of the Franco-Prussian war. It arouses strong feeling wherever the Roman Catholic Church has votaries—and where has it not devotees?—in all civilized lands around the globe.

The evacuation has evidently been accelerated, if not wholly caused, by the wish of the French Emperor to propitiate a gallant people who earnestly desire possession of the "Eternal City" as the proper political capital of their nation. Though the withdrawal of the French army is supposed by some to have been rendered certain by the action of the Ecumenical Council in proclaiming the dogma of Papal Infallibility—an act contrary to the alleged advice of Napoleon—circumstances indicate most strongly that the true cause lies in his anxiety to secure neutrality, and aid if necessary, from the Italian nation, in a contest that may involve several countries besides France and Prussia.

Though the withdrawal of French protection from the Pope might well excite widespread prejudice among Catholics in all lands against Napoleon, the necessities of the



THE GRAPESHOT GUNS (LES MITRAILLEUSES) ADOPTED BY THE ARMIES OF ENGLAND, PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA AND BELGIUM.—SEE PAGE 355.

case rendered it more important for his present purposes to propitiate a nation that may be called on to participate in a war which even the Emperor himself considers likely to be of "long duration," and which may shake his throne to its foundation.

It will be ever-memorable in the history of the Papacy, that the event which foreshadows abolition to the temporal power of the Pontiff is simultaneous with the proclamation of his Ecclesiastical Infallibility. People who imagine that Papal influence will be diminished by the political change, will probably find an opposite result. The privation of his

little temporal principality will have no effect in lessening his ecclesiastical sway. The reverse is more likely to be the case. The head of the "Apostolic Church," as it is styled, would lose nothing of his sectarian prestige by being driven even from Rome—though it is not probable the Italians would require more than the abdication of political power in a way that would not necessarily interfere with his ecclesiastical duties. They would not disturb his religious administration at the Vatican. But, there or elsewhere, shorn of his temporal authority, the Pope would still be considered a martyr by his disciples generally everywhere; and we can all imagine how far sympathy for the "Successor of St. Peter" will be aroused among the Catholic millions by



NEW YORK CITY—THROWING DEAD HORSES INTO THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK AT NIGHT.—SEE PAGE 359.

what will be considered as an indignity to their Spiritual Ruler.

Exceptions to these general remarks are found among the Pope's fellow-countrymen; for, though chiefly zealous Catholics, they are equally ardent Italians, and compromise the difficulty in their own minds by conceding to the Pope full sectarian respect, while wishing destruction to his political power as an obstacle to national unity in delaying the proclamation of Rome as the Metropolis of regenerated Italy. Another important exception, of a widely different nature, may be found in the fact that many of the most fervent Catholics in various countries, especially in the United States, where unions of "Church and State" are unpopular, believe that the real welfare of their Church will be best promoted by total severance of the Pontiff from all secular affairs. Was the sectarian influence of a former Pope lessened by his being taken from Rome as a prisoner by Napoleon the Great?

Though the Papal political sway in Rome may not be immediately abolished by the Italian Government, it seems doomed to total destruction ere long, just as a large portion of the "States of the Church" was absorbed in the formation of the Italian kingdom a few years ago: And then will arise the question whether the Pope will remain at Rome after being deprived of political power, or go elsewhere—brushing the dust of Rome from his sandals, establishing the Holy See at least temporarily in Malta, or some other island, as now rumored—hoping for some reaction or revolution that may restore the Papacy once more to political authority in the Eternal City and in the Pontifical territory surrounding it.

Readers familiar with Papal history need not be told minutely how cavalierly a former Pontiff was treated by the First Napoleon. Although the reputed "nephew of his uncle" has long protected the present Pope, and earned thereby the Papal benediction as the "eldest son of the Church," it may be questioned now, after the withdrawal of the French Protectorate from the Holy City, whether Napoleon the Third will be much more kindly remembered by the Holy See than is his "illustrious predecessor."

Whatever may be the result, the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome is one of the greatest, as it is one of the earliest, consequences of the war which now seems pregnant with mighty events in the European political system. Any revolution seriously affecting the condition of an Ecclesiastical Ruler (now proclaimed "Infallible"), among a sect embracing probably a hundred and fifty millions of people, must ever rank among the most prominent events in history.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Notice.

To our subscribers in Texas. Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

THE SOUTHERN LEADERS AND THE SOUTHERN SITUATION.

"It is not the part of brave men to brood over the sorrows of the past, but rather to look forward with bright hopes for the future. . . . And, in view of the past, no man can blame me for my determination to let those who have power dictate how the country shall be governed."

These sentiments, uttered by Jefferson Davis when briefly thanking a recent serenading party in Tennessee, are worthy of general attention among his Northern fellow-citizens as well as among his Southern friends.

General Breckinridge, his most prominent associate in the government of the late Southern Confederacy, has indicated views and feelings substantially in unison with his late ex-President.

It is pleasant to see and say that the conduct of both gentlemen, as far as can be seen Northward, harmonizes with the sentiments above quoted. Yet it is to be regretted that their influence is not actively manifested in tranquillizing the stormy elements surrounding them in the South. Situate as both are, they could address their late associates in the Confederate cause with a degree of force and success that would redound to their own honor as well as to the public welfare.

The effects of Southern turbulence, more or less encouraged by Northern demagogues, are painfully seen in the slowness of immigration to, and in the tardiness of improvement in the

Southern States generally. When the war closed at Appomattox, thousands upon thousands in the Northern States, including many of our worthiest people, were prepared to settle in the South, and devote their energy and capital toward improving alike their own fortunes and the condition of that region. We in the North all know that the prevalent feeling among our neighbors favored the most liberal and generous course toward the South. The volunteers who fought most gallantly against Disunion were among the people most favorable to burying the hatchet and shaking hands cordially with their late competitors in the battlefield. Nothing that could have been reasonably expected or desired by their late adversaries was grudged toward rendering all matters satisfactory as possible to the people of the Confederate States, consistent with reasonable regard to the permanence of our nationality. The views and feelings of President Lincoln, though deemed by many too liberal and hardly politic in view of that great object, were generally approved by the great mass of the Union armies and of the National Union party.

The assassination of Lincoln, and the course of too many Southerners under the unhappy sway of Andrew Johnson, however, quickly repressed the tendency of immigration Southwardly, and alarmed multitudes who had favored liberal measures in reconstructing the Southern States. Reckless outrages and general maltreatment of Unionists in the South showed necessity for particular care in protecting that class of residents (natives as well as Northerners), and almost wholly destroyed the immigrating tendency in the North. The treatment of even native Southern Unionists indicated the impolicy of strangers venturing for settlement in an unsettled region. The course pursued by prominent ex-Confederates in several States, particularly in Georgia, proved strongly that more effective measures were required for repressing lawlessness in the South. Appeals from well-disposed Southerners for immigration from Europe as well as from the North, and all the attractions presented for settlement Southwardly, proved, therefore, almost wholly powerless, in view of the maltreatment to which native Unionists as well as immigrants were more or less subjected in all parts of the Southern States.

The misuse of power by some of the ex-Confederates under the first restoration in Georgia, and similar tendencies elsewhere, finally aroused feelings that culminated in requirement for further securities before any more of the Southern States could be received again into full communion with the National Government.

Hence the long continuance of military occupation, and the necessity for further Constitutional amendment, guaranteeing equal rights and equal security for all men, under our national flag. Hence, also, the fact that Georgia, wherein temporary power had been most signally abused, was the last of the Southern States that was fully readmitted to the Union on an equality with all other States.

But right-minded men, South and North, need not be further reminded of the unhappy past. The picture would only grow in gloominess the more closely the facts are analyzed. Our purpose now is far from re-creation. Nothing would gratify us more than to aid in promoting happiness and prosperity all through the South. We aim only to show the necessity of Southern-born men using their influence in the spirit indicated by Davis and Breckinridge, yet in a manner far more energetic, for tranquillizing the troubled elements around them. Let such men, trusted and honored by the ex-Confederates, exert fully the influence which brave men can generally exercise among their associates in promoting such doctrines as they now profess, and they and the Southern people will acquire more true glory than they lost in the recent battlefields. Every man familiar with Northern sentiment knows that those Southern leaders would be heartily welcomed wherever they appeared among us on such a peaceful and honorable mission.

A single question in conclusion. Is there in all history anything like a parallel to the magnanimity with which the victorious Northern people treated their vanquished opponents, after a tremendous warfare that destroyed half a million of Northern volunteers; and what would probably have been the fate of the Northern people if the Confederate armies and human slavery had been triumphant? A candid answer to this question would aid largely in settling disputed points concerning Constitutional amendments and the reconstruction of the Southern States.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

MEMORABLE as must ever be the year that heralded the outbreak of Rebellion or Secession, that which witnessed the Reconstruction of the American Union, after terrible convulsions, will be viewed with at least equal interest through all time. Events suggestive of original defects in our political system, and of the mighty reformation by which those defects

were corrected—both events forming impressive lessons for all other nations as well as for ourselves—will render the present decade (1860-1870) one of the most remarkable in the history of the world.

Recent Congressional proceedings have happily wound up this eventful decade, by completing the work of Reconstruction, through the admission of Virginia, Mississippi, Texas and Georgia as co-equals in our national galaxy—these four being the last of the rebel States that, ten years ago, "shot madly from their spheres." And this renovation of our political system is rendered additionally memorable by the adoption of Constitutional Amendments abolishing Slavery (the great cause of discord) and securing Equal Rights in future for all men, irrespective of race or color—Congressional legislation, at the late session, having happily provided adequate means for rendering effective the sublime provisions of the amended organic law.

The immensity of the change thus produced within the closing decade is typified by the presence in the National Capitol of a colored Senator in place of the white man who forsook that position in the hope of establishing a new nation—the Ex-Senator afterward becoming its temporary President—on the atrocious basis of African slavery as its "corner-stone" or principal foundation—this change of Senators being the most remarkable evidence of political and moral retribution of which history bears record.

In view of the effects of the great "American Conflict," not only on our own country, but also among civilized mankind everywhere—as witnessed by the abolition of Russian serfage and of slavery elsewhere—well may we now realize that

"This God-sent victory belongs
Not to one clime alone:
Like heavenly dew, its blessings
Descend on every zone.
For Human Rights triumphant,
Old Africa's ransom'd hordes
And Europe's burden'd millions
Now strike the joyful chords."

And in view of the glorious fact that, by the recent Constitutional Amendments and by the legislation of the present Congress, every State of the American Union is now placed on a basis better calculated to promote the happiness and permanence of our Nationality, all true-hearted Americans, whether Democrats or Republicans, may heartily unite in exclaiming—

"Long wave the Starry Banner,
And let all nations see,
By Slavery unsullied,
The Emblem of the Free—
Its Stars all gleaming brightly,
Its glories high unfurled—
The Sign of Hope and Triumph
For Freedom through the world."

OUR MAP OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

We present, with this issue, a carefully prepared map, on tinted paper, compiled from the latest topographical surveys, of Central Europe, including the countries between Paris and Königsberg, and all the shores of the Baltic and North Seas there is any probability of being approached by the hostile fleets of France. The map gives the courses of the rivers, important lines of fortifications, leading highways, etc., etc. It may be accepted as truthful in every particular. By it, those interested in the progress of the war, can follow without embarrassment the movements of the armies, whether they head toward Paris or Berlin, or confine their strategical operations to the valley of the Moselle or the banks of the Rhine.

THREE SCORE AND TEN!—Not in the age of man, but in the range of the thermometer in this godly city, and not only 70°, but actually 77.92° as the average for the month of July, coming very near to fourscore, and if we take the average height at 2 o'clock P.M., it was more than fourscore, ranging from 64.5 to 95° and an average of 82.35°. It was below 70° only on seven days, and that was between the 1st and 9th. It was between 70° and 80° on three days; between 80° and 90° on sixteen days; and above 90° on five days.* The effect of this heat has been disastrous upon the inhabitants, many of whom have succumbed to the almost unparalleled rays of the sun for the last three weeks, and many more, to the want of proper care and use of the health-giving Croton, or even the brackish water of the Hudson or East rivers. It has been said that the extreme heat of the Torrid Zone induces a bloodthirsty disposition in man and beast; if that be the fact, may it not account for the numerous acts of violence that have been perpetrated lately? And may we not indulge the hope, that as the weather becomes cooler, crime will decrease and life become more safe from the assaults of the assassin, as well as from the effects of the heat? The prevalent winds have been southerly, and lightning has been frequent, but not

* The thermometer in the sun and in a vacuum on the 18th indicated 125.8°, which was 36.5° higher than one in the open air and shade.

many thunder-showers; the last one, however, was terrific, and made the brick and mortar tremble, while the more solid brown-stone and marble were not considered safe since the news of the shattering the top of the mountain on the Hudson. The moisture of the atmosphere has not been very great, the greatest degree of saturation being a little less than 90° out of 100°, and the least 30°, or less than one-third. Until the rain of the 28th, there had fallen about 2 1-3 inches, or about half the quantity for the month, which was 4.73 inches. The dryness of the air contributed without doubt to the preservation of health. The casual phenomena (with the exception of the lightning and thunder) were a double rainbow; a lunar corona, exhibiting the yellow, green, and red colors, and quite beautiful; and a number of shooting stars, at different times. In the evenings of the 17th and 18th the heavens were in an almost continuous blaze of light from 8 to 11 o'clock, but only a few drops of rain fell. We now look forward with hope that we may be spared the fate of the ill-starred horses—melted down in the streets—and that the thermometer may stay below three score and ten.

ITALY UNITED.—There is now a broad probability of the last and highest aspiration of the patriots of Italy being fulfilled, namely, the unity of the peninsula, its people recognizing, from the Alps to the sea, but one civil ruler, with ancient Rome for their capital. For years the political dream of every true Italian, whether Roman, Etrurian, Florentine, or Venetian, has been the union of the Papal States to those of the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and for this Garibaldian and Mazzinian were alike prepared to freely shed their blood. But, for reasons which were all-potent with the "eldest son of the Church," Louis Napoleon, the Pope was upheld, politically as well as spiritually, a ruler over men. The "man at the Tuilleries" had a powerful religious party within his empire, which it would not be wise to set at naught, and as he could purchase its support by garrisoning Rome with a few French regiments, thus keeping hot-headed Italians outside its walls, he did so. But the war with Prussia has changed all this. He, it would seem, no longer dreads the opposition of the Ultramontanists. France supports his course, and so he deserts the Holy Father, merely hinting to Victor Emmanuel the propriety of not interfering with the Pontiff in his capacity of sovereign. How long the Italians will guarantee the "integrity of the Papal States" remains to be seen. But we do not believe we greatly anticipate events when we announce that Italy is united—is today virtually under one sovereign head, and that the chief bishop of the Church Universal is no longer chief magistrate of the country. Peplu, urged by gratitude, and Charlemagne by arrogance, bestowed on the Popes upward of a thousand years ago. Since the eighth century, with scarcely a hiatus, the States of the Church have been politically, as well as spiritually, ruled by the bishops of Rome; but there now can be little doubt of the end, for are not the soldiers of the King of Italy peaceably entering its streets? Who shall drive them out?

FOREST FIRES IN NEW JERSEY.—A city journal comments as follows on the destruction by fire of valuable tracts of forest trees in New Jersey: "The valuable pine forests of New Jersey are likely, at no distant day, to be entirely destroyed. Every summer fires break out, or are maliciously started in the swamps, and hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost before they can be smothered. One of these fires is raging now in Ocean county, where one owner has in three days lost \$60,000 worth of pine timber. A fire in 'The Pines' is one of the grandest spectacles, sheets of flame, from five to ten miles in length, sometimes sweeping through the timber, and carrying everything before them. Fortunately, there are few settlers in this part of the State, and the loss of life is consequently rare. Much of this region, as the result of these fires, is now being opened up for occupation, and time will thus bring some sort of compensation for the present losses."

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.—Among the many rumors which the "reliable gentleman," who is now in Europe, sets afloat, is one to the effect that Louis Napoleon is about to issue a decree making that exceeding revolutionary song, the Marseillaise, the national hymn of France! "It will be a strange spectacle, indeed," remarks a somewhat credulous contemporary, "to see his legions marching with this stirring hymn upon their lips to do battle for the maintenance of the grandest empire of modern times."

THE LAST CANDIDATE FOR THE SPANISH THRONE.—An exchange says: "And now comes Dom Fernando, of Portugal, with an acceptance of the candidature for the crown of Spain. One would suppose that the experience of Prince Leopold would discourage any ambition in that direction, and it is quite possible that the present rumor is premature. The impression has

been that, in case of the success of Prussia in the present war, the claim of Leopold would be revived; but this, while possible, is hardly probable, so long as the Spanish administration is characterized by the timidity which now marks it.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE EAST RIVER.—At a recent meeting of the gentlemen composing the Department of Docks, a paper was read suggesting important, but not wholly novel ideas looking to the improvement of the East River, or, rather, so much of it as lies between the foot of Broad street and Corlear's Hook. The author of the scheme proposes making two or three large basins, with surrounding warehouses, admitting vessels of all sizes and descriptions to pass through at high tides at stated periods of the day or night. According to this plan the wharves and piers are to be faced with stone and filled in with earth, making solid ground for buildings and streets, except at the ship passageways, which are to be crossed by bridges forty to seventy-five feet long. One hundred feet is to be the width of the central street, the stores and warehouses on each side being one hundred and fifty feet deep. Five hundred feet is to be the width of each causeway.

GENERAL SHERIDAN IN EUROPE.—The *Figaro* and other Paris journals have been editing the public with the very polite, but decided declination, by the French emperor, of General Sheridan, Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Beauregard's offers to fight for France against the Prussians. Of course all such stories may be regarded as made out of whole cloth. Certainly General Sheridan never offered his sword to France, and there is reason to believe the Southern gentlemen named have had enough fighting on this continent, without crossing the ocean in quest of more. General Sheridan is now in Europe on an indefinite leave of absence granted him by the President; and, should he be heard of anywhere, those who profess to be best acquainted with his views on the present war say it will be on the Prussian side, but as a spectator merely. His position as an American officer would prevent his being more.

STATE ELECTIONS THIS YEAR.—All the States, except New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Oregon, will hold elections this fall.

INTERMITTENT FEVER.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

Intermittent fever, fever and ague, chills and fever, tertian and quartan fevers, and dumb ague, are different appellations of one and the same disease, notwithstanding that many imagine them to be different affections, and even quackish medical men in ordinary conversation with the sick sometimes endeavor to make distinctions, with the aim of disparaging the ability of some rival doctor, or perhaps to allay the imaginary fears of the patient, who is alarmed at a name. Sometimes, too, such distinctions are made by land-speculators or country boarding-house-keepers.

There are also a series of diseases of a more complicated character, in which the alternate chill and fever forms, an important element. Among these is the bilious remittent, bilious intermittent fevers, the dengue (well known at the South), and also some diseases of a dysenteric type.

All of these complaints owe their peculiar characteristic to miasm. There is something very peculiar about malaria. It abounds in certain new countries. It is all over our West and South, in Africa and South America. In Europe we find but little of it, save in Holland, where the land is wrested from the waves and the atmosphere is laden with moisture. The principal hospital in Amsterdam is entirely surrounded by a moat constantly filled with stagnant water, which in the summer is covered with cryptogamous, slimy moss.

All around Rome exist the magnificent fields of the Campagna, which once nourished this grand capital. To-day, deserted and rank with neglected vegetation, a deadly miasm pervades it, so dangerous that even the laborers upon the cultivated portions dare not sleep upon it, but with the setting sun lie to the protection of the city walls. Thorough draining—to be attained only when the present inefficient Government has been supplanted, and, too, at the expense of many lives of those engaged in the work—will alone reclaim these Pontine marshes again.

When the last wall was erected around Paris by Louis Philippe, intermittent fever appeared for the first time for generations. It attacked the soldiers employed as laborers upon it, and the residents of the vicinity. Being an American, I was supposed to know everything about this disease, and was consulted by the chief physicians as to our method of curing it. Unfortunately, I had lived in New England before that time, and had never seen a case, as that disease is there quite unknown.

Why we find this disease rife in one place and unknown in another identical with the former in temperature, soil, and grade of cultivation, we cannot say. One element that assists in its development is vegetable fermentation, such as exists in bogs, marshes and forests. Such local spots we find on the hillsides, unsuspected by the dwellers around, for basins exist in the rocky formation, and these,

constantly filled under the overlying soil, are constant cyst-pools of malaria. Many such places exist, and our city people going for health into the country ignorantly fall into the very nidus of disease. No one should take such a temporary residence without making a careful personal survey of the neighborhood.

The name Chill and Fever characterizes the manifestation of this malady. Sometimes there is a previous general prostration of the system; the person is sleepy, indisposed to exert himself, and feels bilious. Often, however, the first thing is a sudden chill, which seems to strike the individual when in a full state of health.

This chill varies in intensity and frequency—sometimes so severe as to seemingly threaten to dislocate a limb and gnash the teeth out of their sockets; sometimes, also, repeated two or three times a day. Generally, however, the recurrence is limited to every day, every second or every third day.

This chill is followed by a short period of intense, burning, dry heat, and this again changes to a profuse and exhausting sweat.

There is no utility in attempting to interfere with these manifestations of the disease when once actually begun. The chill, once commenced, should go through its course with the consequent fever and sweat. All interference should be limited to preventing another paroxysm. No medicines will safely arrest the chill once it is commenced, no blankets warm the body, no ice cool the fever following.

We must prevent its recurrence. The great remedy ever unailing, if continued long enough, is quinine. This is the chemical extract of Peruvian bark. There are many methods of giving it. By far the most efficacious is a persistent pill of one or two grains three times a day. But in certain persons there seems to be a thunder-clap necessary to break up the periodicity of the disease. The best plan to do this is to give an overwhelming dose immediately before the expected coming on of the paroxysm. Keeping up the regular three times a day pill, an hour before the chill is expected take from ten to twenty grains of quinine at a single dose. You will soon know that you have taken it, for you will imagine a Yankee cotton-mill was in full blast in your head, such buzzing and singing and deafness will come on; but the chill will not recur, and it will not be necessary to repeat this heroic dose.

Once having had "the chills," there will be, for quite a period, a tendency to chill whenever one catches cold, or in connection with any other disease.

Fever and ague is a mean, dirty disease. It never takes a fellow when in good, strong health; but let him once get down with an inflammation of the lungs, or any other really formidable complaint, and this nasty disease is sure to strike in. In fact, one never can tell if he is fully relieved of the complaint, and should ever remember that he has once had fever and ague chills, and should not fail to mention it to the physician attending subsequently for any disease of a serious nature.

If, however, months or years subsequently, one has a visit from this old enemy, he should not wait for a second reminder, but should immediately proceed to take the following tonic mixture regularly till every sign of disease has vanished:

Tincture of bark.....3 ounces.
Cinchonine.....1 scruple.
Sulphate of quinine.....1 scruple.
Powder of arsenic.....1 drachm.
Syrup of orange-flowers.....1 ounce.
Add sulphuric, enough to make a solution.
Of this take a teaspoonful before each meal.

A good tumbler of hot claret before the chill comes on will sometimes arrest it.

A thorough change of air will always be beneficial. The diet should be luxurious, strengthening, and here is one of the few cases where good brandies, wines and liquors are really of important service. They are dangerous medicines, however, to prescribe, as the invalid is apt to be too willing to continue taking them when not absolutely necessary.

THE GRAPESHOT GUN.

The mitrailleuse, or gun for the rapid discharge of grapeshot or bullets, adopted by the military authorities of England, Prussia, Austria, and Belgium, is much heavier, it being mounted on wheels, as our engravings of it show, than the mysterious arm which the French possess, and to which the term mitrailleuse has been given. The French machine was invented two years ago, and experiments with the first model were made with the greatest secrecy at Vincennes and Meudon. To prevent spies obtaining information, or getting a glimpse of the gun, or rather mitrailleuse, a cordon of troops surrounded the place where the experiments were being carried on, out of view of the inventor and the gentlemen forming the commission appointed by the Emperor to test the merits of the arm, with orders to allow no one to pass. The arm, when approved, was manufactured in the Vosges, the same surveillance and caution being observed. As soon as the guns were ready they were packed in boxes, which were sealed and sent to the various arsenals. No instructions were given in its use till three weeks ago, when four men in each regiment were conducted secretly to a convenient spot, and taught how to manœuvre it. A gentleman, now in this city, who had a relative employed on the commission above referred to, states that all he would vouchsafe to divulge on the subject of the arm is that it is on the Gatlin principle of small calibre, and is used to repel cavalry charges and attacks in column. Like mountain howitzers, it has no carriage, and is carried by two men, who hold it when fired, there being little or no recoil. This arm must not be confounded with the ordinary mitrailleuse or Gatlin gun, which is mounted on a carriage, nor must it be supposed that it possesses equal powers of destruction. While the former can be used by

placing it on the sides of a square, or at intervals along a column, to repel cavalry or an advance in columns, the latter can be used as a field battery, and with deadly effect. The range, too, of the two engines of war is different. Our sphinx has only a range, as will have been observed, of 3,000 yards, while the mitrailleuse *proprement dite* can be used at from 4,500 to 5,000 yards. To give an idea, however, of the deadly execution of the new mitrailleuse, we may cite the results of experiments made with it at Satory a short time back. Three hundred old cavalry horses were packed in a field at a distance of 1,200 metres from the gun, and three minutes after the order had been given to "turn the coffee-mill" not one remained standing. The next day the experiment was repeated under better auspices, as the gunner had been drilled to perfection in the use of the arm. Five hundred *rosses* were this time operated on, and in ninety seconds they were lying dead on the field.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

War Scenes in Paris and Environs.

A very good indication of the result of a war between two great powers is the spirit with which the mass of the people enter into it. Judged by this standard, the war between France and Prussia will be long and bitter, if we are to believe the cable telegrams of the intense excitement in the capitals of both countries. We give, in this week's Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press, several illustrations of scenes in and around Paris during the martial excitement of the past few days, of which the reader can form no adequate conception but through the medium of truthful and accurate sketches taken from nature. The events of the past few days in Paris have been so fully described, and commented on in the daily press, that we will give merely a casual mention of a few of the leading features, leaving the others to speak for themselves in the illustrations: The streets are filled with bands of students from the Ecole Militaire, workmen, and men of all classes and conditions, who seem imbued with but one idea, and that is, marching to the Rhine to fight the Prussians, and who sing the "Marseillaise" with the utmost patriotism. These demonstrations are not confined to the lower classes, but are participated in by men of the highest rank, and enjoying the esteem and confidence of the Emperor. Prior to his departure for the seat of war, his Majesty held a private council, in which all the senators were present, and received their congratulations and emphatic sanction of the course which he had pursued. The Prince Imperial accompanied the Emperor, and the parting of the imperial family was very affecting. The departure of the troops for the frontier was made the occasion of a demonstration, which was participated in by thousands, and showed that the soldier is beloved in France, notwithstanding that he is sometimes the tool of a despot. After the concentration of a large body of French troops at Strasbourg, their first care was to destroy all communication between the two banks of the Rhine, and prevent the Prussians from crossing, which is illustrated in our engraving.

The Queen of England Distributing Prizes.

During the lifetime of Prince Albert, husband to the Queen of England, an association was formed, bearing his name, which, in the philanthropic founder's comprehensive mind, was intended as part of "a scheme for improving the social condition of the industrial classes in the neighborhood of Windsor Park." The twentieth anniversary of the association was held on the 16th of July, the Queen attending in person, and distributing the prizes awarded to the most deserving. Our engraving illustrates the scene. The ceremonies were held in the Home Park. The presents were twelve hundred in number, and as the long list of prize-winners was called over, each one advanced to the place where the Queen stood. "These varied, in age," says the *Illustrated London News*, "from very old men and women, who had thus won a recognition of the steadiness of their lives, and of the manner in which they had brought up their families, to little girls of eight or nine, who received rewards for proficiency in sewing. The ceremony was very interesting, and her Majesty appeared in excellent health and spirits. After the presentation of the prizes, her Majesty and the royal party left the ground at half-past six amid the hearty cheers of the people."

A Railway Provident Fund Festival.

The employees of the Great Western Railway, England—many hundreds in number—held their fifteenth anniversary on the 6th of July, for the benefit of a fund which is by them devoted to the support of the widows and orphans of those who by accident or sickness die while in the service of the company. The fund amounts to several thousand pounds. This money is judiciously invested, and the interest derived therefrom is mainly devoted to the relief of the needy among the families recognized as entitled to relief by the managers of the charity. The annual festival, which our engraving illustrates, was largely attended in Beckett Park, Shrewsbury. It added several hundred pounds to the treasury. Would it not be well for the employees of the great railroad corporations in the United States to imitate their brethren in this matter, and so build up a fund that would measurably relieve those whom sickness or other cause may deprive of husbands, fathers, and friends?

Target Firing.

On the 11th ult., large numbers of the volunteers of England assembled at Wimbledon Common, a short distance from London, to test their qualities as marksmen. Unfortunately for the comfort of the men and their visitors, many of whom were of the gentler sex, the day was exceedingly rainy, and, toward night, a perfect storm set in, and the plain was in a short time deluged—"the whole common becoming," remarks the *London Daily News*, "like the land of Egypt during an inundation of the Nile." A miserable night was succeeded by a clear, beautiful morning. The pleasant weather was not wasted. The men, without unnecessary delay, set up their targets, and firing was kept up all day, to the delight of all and the profit of many. Our engraving represents a volunteer firing at a target, a lady observing the effect of the ball on it, with the aid of a spyglass.

The Neutral Ground at Gibraltar.

The "Neutral Ground," or "Puerta di Tierra," as called by the Spaniards, is a small, sandy strip of land on the northwestern side of the Fortress of Gibraltar, which separates the outposts of the British garrison

from those of the Spaniards posted at the "Spanish Lines." On leaving the Fortress of Gibraltar, by the Landport or northwestern gate, you pass over a large marsh called the inundation, which, although at present almost dry, could at any moment be flooded, and thus prevent any approach from the Spanish side. A camp is always formed here during the summer months, to which companies are sent from every regiment in the garrison to go through their musketry and target practice, fine rifle ranges having been made, with the butt toward the Mediterranean, just within the British lines. This neutral ground is the only means of land communication with Spain, and across it all persons must go approaching or returning from the Rock. At night large bands of smugglers run the gauntlet of the Spanish sentries, and breaking through the English line, hide themselves in the gardens situated just within British territory; the bullets sent after them by the Spaniards causing much annoyance to the English sentries, who not unfrequently show their displeasure by returning the leaden compliment with interest.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mr. H. J. BYRON, the dramatist, is coming to this country.

BLIND TOM is taking his summer vacation at Warrenton, Virginia.

PAULINE LUCIA refuses all offers to come to America for an operatic tour.

EDMUND FALCONER, it is said, will open Her Majesty's Theatre at Christmas with pantomime.

WINTING's new opera-house in Syracuse, N. Y., it is anticipated, will be completed by the 1st of October.

CHARLES FECHTER inaugurates the fall season at his Boston theatre September 8th, appearing, it is expected, in "Monte Cristo."

OFFENBACH, the opera bouffe composer, though a German, has published a French war-song, entitled "God Speed the Emperor."

MATILDA HERON's play, entitled "Pearl," will form one of the principal features of the coming season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

THOMAS BOWLES, for many years treasurer of the old National Theatre, New York, died July 27, from paralysis of the brain, aged 64.

THE opera by Mr. Benedict, entitled "The Old Man of the Mountain," to be produced at Vienna next autumn, is a German version of the "Crusaders."

THE old Academy of Fine Arts, Chestnut street, above Tenth, Philadelphia, has been razed to the ground, and Mr. Fox is going ahead with the building of his new theatre.

M. NICOLINI has been tempted by the managers of the San Carlos, at Lisbon, to quit the Italian Opera House, in Paris, the terms offered the tenor being \$3,300 for five months and a benefit.

CHARLES FECHTER was to leave England for this city on Tuesday, 26th July, bringing Miss Le Clercq and the two Messrs. Le Clercq. It is said that he has procured several novelties for the coming season.

MARIETTA RAND has just received the original drama of "L'Angine," or, The Pride of Maximilian's Army," written expressly for her. She will produce it, for the first time, in New York early in October.

MARTHA WREN has recovered from her illness, and will make her first appearance in New York city with Mrs. James A. Oates's Burlesque Troupe at the commencement of their engagement at the Olympic Theatre.

CHRISTINE NILSON is said to receive £150 per night at Drury Lane—the largest sum paid to any lady since the days of Jenny Lind. Adeline Patti is said to receive £100 per night; Mongini, the tenor, eighty guineas.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, fils, has just finished a new comedy, entitled "Divorce," which is to be produced at the Gymnase, Paris. Mlle. Desclée, who made a great hit last winter in "Frou-Frou," is to play the principal character.

At Margate, England, during the week ending July 16th, four thousand people paid a penny toll for the privilege of listening on the pier to the performances of the promenade band, said to be the best ever engaged at that seaside resort.

"FRITZ, THE GERMAN EMIGRANT," ably impersonated by Joseph K. Emmett, continued to attract good audiences during the past week at Wallack's Theatre, and will, in all probability, remain the attraction for some weeks to come.

R. M. HOOLEY, of Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, L. I., has taken a ten years' lease of Bryant's Hall, Chicago, Ill., which he intends immediately altering into a first-class opera-house. Its site is most eligible, being upon a great thoroughfare of travel and directly opposite the city hall.

ANNA CORA MOWAT RITCHIE died at Twickenham, near London, Eng., on Friday, July 29th. She had been ill for some time, unable to cross the Atlantic for the past ten years, although she earnestly desired to do so. Her disease, with which she had been afflicted more or less from childhood, was bronchial consumption.

The Satsuma Japanese Troupe appeared at the Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., July 18th, and remained four nights. On Saturday evening, the little Tommy Ketchi, "All Right," was presented with a gold medal bearing the inscription, "Presented to little Tommy Ketchi by his Milwaukee friends," on the reverse side, "Music Hall, Milwaukee, July 18th, 1870."

THE "Lady of Lyons," a new musical composition by Mr. Corney Grain, intended to display the author's various powers as a singer, pianist, and mimic, was produced at Mr. German Reed's Musical Gallery, London, on July 11th, and achieved success. It was given in conjunction with "Ages Ago" and "Our Island Home," both of which are very popular and are enjoying a long run.

HOWARD PAUL made an offer of six thousand guineas to the executors of the late Charles Dickens for the collection of pictures and objects of art advertised for sale on July 10th. He was of opinion that the collection could be profitably exhibited in the United States. In a letter to a contemporary, Mr. Paul further agreed, in the event of the executors accepting his offer, to retain the collection for a period of ten years, and at the end of that time to present it to the South Kensington Museum, England.

At the Grand Opera House, New York, Kathi Lanner and her Viennese Ballet Troupe appeared, August 1st, in a new and original comic ballet, in three acts, composed by Mme. Lanner, entitled "Sittals; or, The Juggler's Daughter." The ballet, on the programme without change, as well as the terpsichorean acrobatics of Mlle. Rose and Mons. Ajax. At the close of the engagement of the Viennese Ballet Troupe, a season of opera bouffe will be inaugurated.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 355.



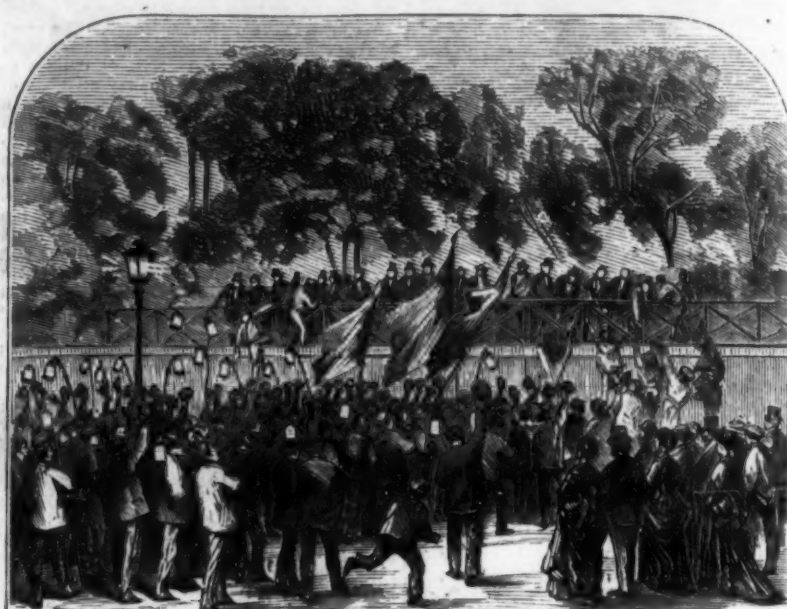
FRANCE.—THE EMPEROR AND HIS FAMILY RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE, ETC., UPON THE DECLARATION OF WAR, AT THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD, PARIS.



FRANCE.—THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.—FRENCH SOLDIERS TAKING LEAVE OF THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS, PREPARATORY TO THEIR REMOVAL TO THE SEAT OF WAR ON THE RHINE.



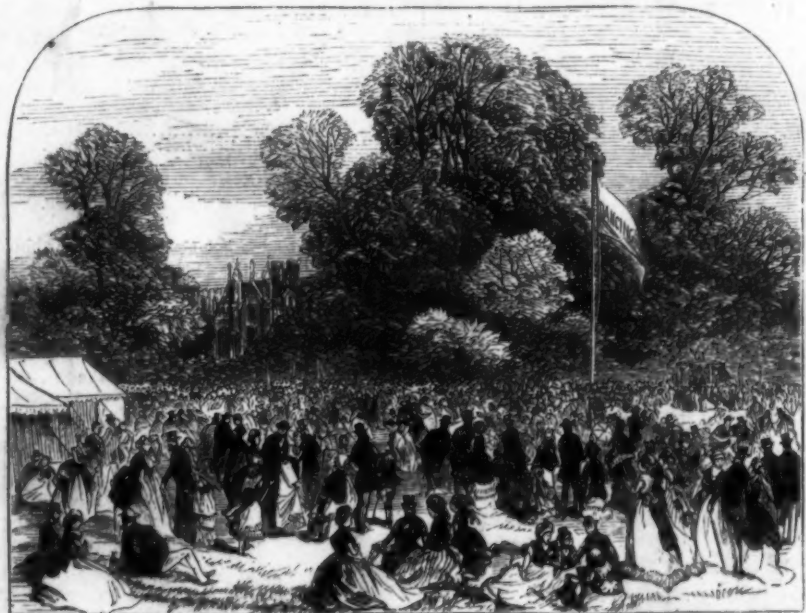
FRANCE.—FRENCH TROOPS DESTROYING A PONTOON BRIDGE ON THE RHINE, TO PREVENT PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS FROM INVADING THE EMPIRE.



FRANCE.—THE MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD DISTRIBUTING LANTERNS, ETC., TO THE POPULACE, WHO ARE REJOICING AT THE DECLARATION OF WAR.



ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA GIVING THE PRIZES AWARDED BY THE PRINCE-CONSORT'S WINDSOR PARK ASSOCIATION, IN THE HOME PARK.



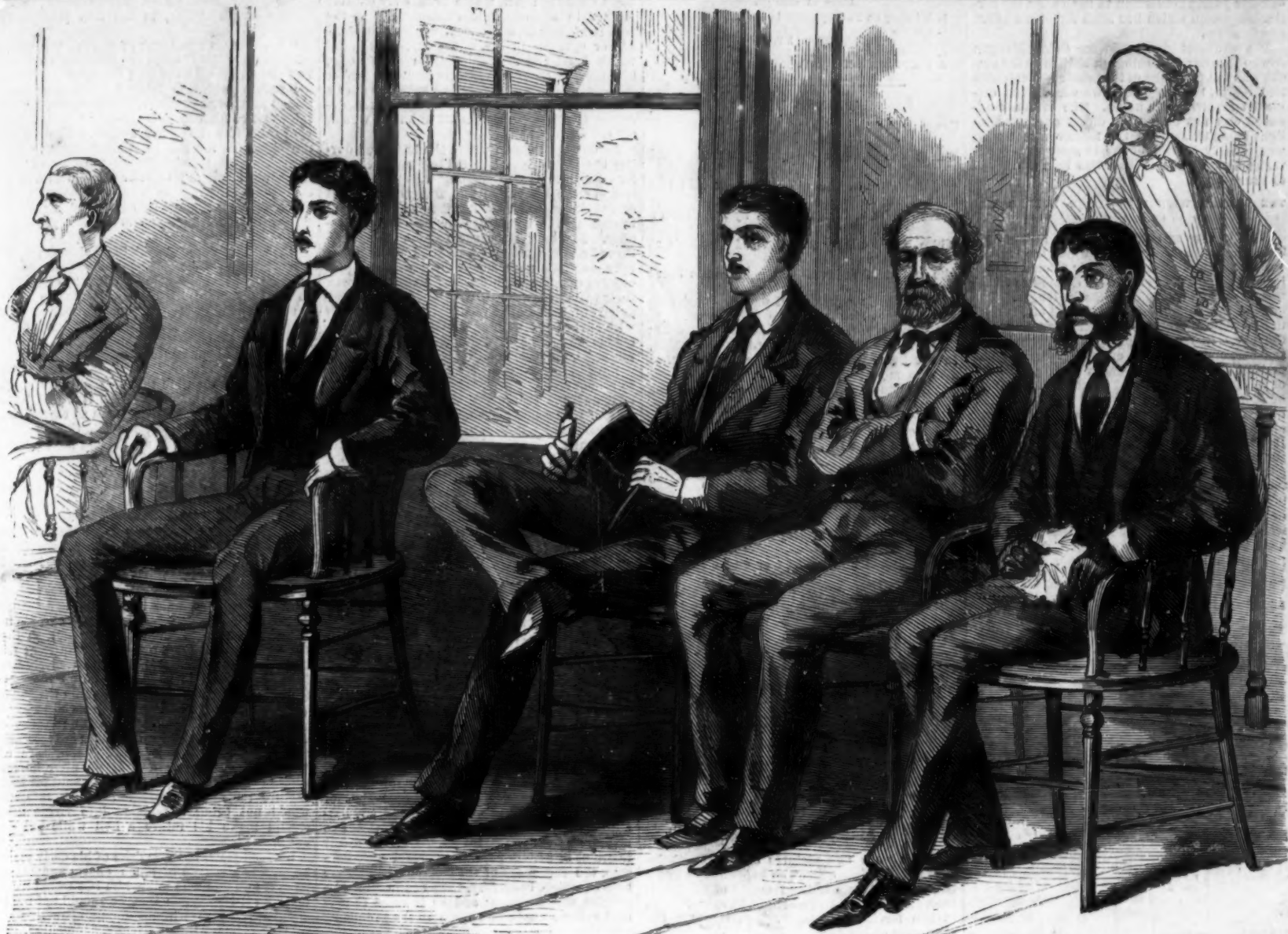
ENGLAND.—FESTIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND ASSOCIATION, AT BECKETT PARK, SHRIVENHAM.



SPAIN.—THE FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR AND THE NEUTRAL GROUND BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND SPANISH POSSESSIONS.



ENGLAND.—SHOOTING FOR PRIZES BY THE VOLUNTEER SOLDIERY OF GREAT BRITAIN, AT WANDLE-DON COMMON, NEAR LONDON.



Harmon Nathan.

Washington Nathan.

Emanuel B. Hart.

Frederick Nathan.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE NATHAN MURDER.—THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

THE NATHAN MURDER.

On Thursday, 4th inst., Coroner Rollins reconvened the jury impaneled to inquire into the cause of the death of Benjamin Nathan, in the court-room of the Eighth Judicial District, corner of Seventh avenue and Twenty-second street. The hall is comparatively small, being about thirty feet in width and forty in length, and running north and south. A low iron railing divides the room nearly in the middle. The half toward the door is furnished with the usual rude benches for spectators. The second part contains the judge's bench, at the far end of the hall, with a table for reporters, and a space for chairs between the dividing railing and the desk. To the right of the judge's desk the jury



THE "DOG."—RIGHT END.

sat in chairs loosely disposed along the wall. Along the opposite wall, seated also in chairs and near the windows, were the tragically interested members of the Nathan family, together with two well-known detectives in ordinary dress, and two or three family friends. The attendance was remarkably small, when regarded in connection with the degree of public interest which this case has excited, and the space it fills in the papers. Of spectators, strictly so-called, there were in all about one hundred. Among these there was now and then a face which caught the attention from its Hebrew characteristics. There was one young man especially, who sat well up in front, whose facial resemblance to Mr. Washington Nathan

THE "DOG."



THE QUEEN'S CUP.—THE YACHT RACE ON MONDAY AUGUST 8, 1870.—SEE PAGE 359.

was very striking indeed. No general description of either could possibly be made not to include the other.

Of those who were present, the most prominent, of course, were the sons of the deceased, Washington, Frederick, and Herman. Washington and Frederick are seen, in the illustration, seated at the right and left of Mr. Emanuel B. Hart, a well-known citizen, and cousin of deceased. On the right of Mr. Washington Nathan was Mr. Hendricks, a metal merchant, doing business on Pearl street, brother to the gentleman who was with the elder Mr. Nathan when he bought the watch which is now supposed to be the one he lost. This gentleman is very young in appearance. To the right of, and contiguous to this party, Mr. Phil Farley and Mr. Bennett, prominent detectives, were seated, in ordinary dress.

The two brothers were attired nearly alike in suits of black broadcloth, with black cravats



THE "DOG."—LEFT END.

and no ornaments. Each wore his hair, which is coarse, short and black, parted nearly in the middle. Washington's was, if anything, a little more in the middle than Frederick's. Frederick wore black kid gloves, while his brother's hands

were bare. Frederick used a handkerchief freely to free his face from perspiration, tilted his chair back, and seemed to grow dreadfully tired as the investigation proceeded. Washington used a tall felt hat, deeply trimmed with crape, to fan himself—rather an involuntary bodily expression of impatience than a requisite to bodily comfort. Washington's right hand also wandered continually over his mouth—a rather ruddy and full, and not at all vicious-looking mouth. It is a white, delicate, gentleman's hand, to which even the rudest sensibility would hate to impute any deed of mercenary or parricidal rage. There is a strong family resemblance between them. Washington has the better-shaped head and the least pleasing eye.

His eye is light in color, full almost to protrusion, with drooping lids. His face is entirely beardless, and presents the appearance of having gone unshaven for several days. There is not the most trivial circumstance in either the bearing, or the appearance, or the physiognomy

of these young gentlemen to keep alive the horrible suspicion which has been directed against one of them.

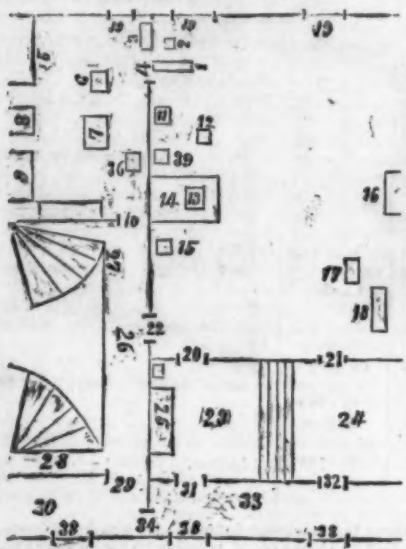
The witnesses examined were Officer Mangan—who identified Washington Nathan as the person who informed him of the murder—Lemaistre and Smith, the carpenters who had been employed repairing the house. The evidence adduced was not of a very direct character, no light being thrown on the matter except what was already known of the manner of Mr. Nathan's death. The inquest was then adjourned to the 8th inst.

THE WEAPON WITH WHICH THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED.

We also give an engraving of the instrument, the shipwright's "dog," with which the murder was committed. The "dog" is formed of bar-iron, five-eighths of an inch in diameter and fifteen inches and seven-eighths in length. The ends of the instrument are forged and turned in the same direction one inch diagonally with the bar. One end is sharpened parallel with the bar, and the other end transversely. The parallel sharpened end has a piece picked out of its edge, and is the end which has dried clots of blood on it. The bar is considerably bent, evidently by prying some heavy object, and altogether it bears the marks of rough usage. It is undoubtedly an old instrument, for it is rusty. Twenty years ago the "dog" was in general use among house and ship-carpenters, but it is rarely or never seen now in these branches of trade; neither is it used by calkers or plumbers, nor could any mechanic be found who knew of an instrument of that kind now used for any purpose whatever. Burglars do not use an instrument of the kind.

Plans of House and Stable.

FRONT OF DWELLING-HOUSE—PLAN OF 2D STORY.



REAR OF NATHAN'S HOUSE.

1. The body lying with feet toward the west.
2. The wrench or "dog" used by the murderer.
3. The "Herring" safe which was opened after the murder.
4. The doorway leading to the library.
5. Book-case plundered by the burglar.
6. Chair where the first blow was struck.
7. Library table; papers covered with blood.
8. Fireplace.
9. Bookcase.
10. Door through which the murderer entered.
11. Chair by bedside not disturbed.
12. A fan; on the handle is the inscription, sinister enough, and like a cry from the victim, "Don't touch me."
13. The money drawer of the safe. Two French two sou pieces remain in it.
14. The bed; no traces of blood on it.
15. Night commode; on it lie a pair of spectacles and a clean pair of socks neatly rolled up.
16. Fireplace.
17. Chair on which Mr. Nathan laid his clothes before retiring. The garments consist of a white shirt, white waistcoat, and gray pants.
18. Lounge; on it is a black overcoat.
19. Windows on Twenty-third street.
20. Door of bathroom.
21. Door of pressroom.
22. Bedroom-door leading on to second story landing.
23. Bathroom forming a passage to servants' room.
24. Pressroom forming a like passage.
25. Bath; it is filled with water as if deceased had used it before retiring.
26. Second story landing.
27. Staircase.
28. Stairs leading to third story.
29. Hall bedroom-door.
30. Hall bedroom.
31. Servants' bedroom-door from bathroom.
32. Servants' bedroom-door from pressroom.
33. Servants' room.
34. Door leading into hall bedroom.
35. Cornice bespattered with blood to a height of five feet.
36. Chair half turned round.
37. Bookcase.
38. Back windows.
39. Horsechair-mattress rolled up.

PLAN OF STABLE.

1. Window on Twenty-second street.
2. Coach.
3. Door on Twenty-second street.
4. Coach.
5. Door leading into yard.

TWO WOMEN.

SOMETHING grim and long, in a solemn, muffled room,
Where the ghostly curtains prisoned awful gloom;
Underneath a white cloth, features cold and still,
Touched with sudden calmness by the Master's will.
White hands calmly folded, tired heart all at rest:
Life is full of sadness—death indeed is best!
Came a stately woman, tall and cold and fair,
To the silent sleeper lying calmly there.
Not a tear of sorrow dimmed her haughty eyes;
O'er her lips no sadness poured itself in sighs.
In her heart was triumph—she was free once more!
But her blind friends whispered of the grief she bore!

Came another woman, sad and tender-eyed—
Came, and knelt in sorrow by the dead man's side;
Kissed him o'er and o'er, called him loving names—
How such secret sorrow outward sorrow shames!
In his hair her tear-drops fell like summer rain,
As she kissed him softly, o'er and o'er again.

On the morrow, dirges, and a funeral train,
And a stately woman weeping, all in vain,
For the dear, dead husband, in her bitter grief,
Though the preacher tells her of a sure relief.

In a quiet corner sits a woman pale,
Swift tears falling softly 'neath a sombre veil.
True grief and false grief—the true grief hid away;
But the false grief, like all false things, will make the most display.

THE VAIN ATTEMPT.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THERE were two pictures on Mr. Bartholomew's walls, that one—who happened to know the hidden things in the recesses of his life, if such an one there were—might have wondered at him for keeping there. But whether the possibility of his ridding himself of them had never occurred to him, or whether, for some mysterious reason, they exercised a fascination over him, from which he had never been able to free himself, no one knows; only they hung, day by day, and year by year, silent witnesses, spreading before him their everlasting testimony, until at length the perpetual iteration drove him mad.

Meritorious as these pictures were, they were yet evidently the work of a young and not thoroughly practiced hand, and it was plain that they owed whatever power they had upon Mr. Bartholomew's emotions to something else than their exhibition of technical skill. One of these pictures represented a stretch of stormy waves seen from the shore, and over which a swift and sudden afternoon tempest had broken; beyond, the sun was shining, the sky was blue, the silver foam-wreaths shattered in the light, but here the purple waters swelled, the wind and rain lashed them to yellow rage, the heavy cloud curled over them in darkness, and a sailboat was driving on them to wreck before the blast. It was a rudely powerful thing; one of those achievements deserving to be called great, however small in point of compass, which offer constant suggestions to the mind, and lead the imagination on toward further creation; yet, so well did it tell its story of the strong tumult of nature, and the pitiful impotency of man, that, in gazing at it, one's mind was totally occupied with the scene, and forgot all about the painter, so that very few indeed had ever been known to inquire the name of the artist who executed it, and to be told that it was the work of a dear friend of Mr. Bartholomew's, long since departed from this life. And of these few, indeed, no one was any wiser for having made the inquiry, for Arnheim, the painter, had died young, before completing a half-score of canvases; and it is possible that the power of this one lay in its concentration of a lifetime's work there, and in the circumstance that it was a prophesy of his own early doom, since, in just such a sudden afternoon storm as this, he had perished, and Mr. Bartholomew had nearly perished with him. Was it because he had so barely escaped such a frightful death that Mr. Bartholomew could never look at this picture, which his wife had brought with her, and which had been a present to her from the artist, without a shudder? One might have thought that if the sight of it were so painful, as that implied, to a husband, a wife would have hastened to put it out of sight, in garret or auction-room; but there had, in truth, never existed that degree of confidence between Mr. Bartholomew and his wife which allowed her, until after many years of marriage, to suspect, in any degree, the miserable torture to which that picture subjected him.

Mr. Bartholomew could not look at one of these pictures without looking at the other, for directly over the driving wreck hung the portrait. It was not so singular that the latter should have exercised a fascination upon Mr. Bartholomew, for it was the portrait of his wife; of his wife as she looked on a day all of twenty years ago, with the lustrous of her peach-bloom satin round her, and with the black lace man, the dropping from her hair—a calm and gra-

cious dark-eyed girl, whose beauty lay entirely neither in her exquisite contours, nor in the pale rose-color of her cheek, nor in the hazel of her eye, nor in the fine shadowy hair, but which borrowed something from all of these, and kindled them with that radiant and tender smile, that suffused the face as sunshine does a landscape. His wife's portrait. In mere decency, Mr. Bartholomew could not, if he would, rid himself of that.

No one in the town where she had lived during the most of her married life had ever seen Mrs. Bartholomew resembling that picture, unless in some unguarded and forgetful moment of happiness, when her husband was not near; in gaining the semblance he had lost the reality. For, ever since she came to the place, there had been growing a startled look in her eyes, as if she were slowly coming to the perception of some frightful fact hidden between their two lives, while that color had long since faded out, that shadowy hair had threaded itself with silver; yet nothing could destroy the ineffable sweetness of that face, sad though it might be, and early old.

But Mr. Bartholomew needed no outside help to remembrance; he could remember too well, as it was, the time when his wife looked that way, if now no others could; he remembered, as distinctly as though no score of years had intervened, when first he saw her, and saw her thus arrayed, as in the picture, as she leaned over a balcony, with Arnheim beside her, while the light of a hundred lanterns from the lawn below displayed her beauty to his admiring glance, and to the passionate gaze of the young artist as well.

From the moment when Mr. Bartholomew, an idler at a seaside ball, had thus seen this fair thing, a love of her had sprung up, full grown, in his heart, such a love as he was capable of feeling, strong and stormy enough, if wanting the higher strain of self-sacrifice and patience; a full-grown love, and a deathless longing for the possession of her, and a determination to have her for his own, even though lives stood between them. And a life did stand between them. For the youth whose eyes hung on hers, when she was thus first revealed to Mr. Bartholomew, was that moment her plighted lover; and Mr. Bartholomew had realized it all at a glance. To bow instantly and to retire, yet not so instantly but that his glance should be remembered, to seek the first opportunity of an introduction, and then quietly to apologize for intrusion at such a moment, rendered Mr. Bartholomew presently the friend of the two lovers, all the more as they were lovers under restraint of ambitious and watchful guardianship, the repository of their happy secret, the help to which, by-and-by, they fled in all emergencies and troubles; and so it came to pass that many a dance was given to the promising and prosperous Bartholomew, that guardians, despite their keen eyes, might not heed the conclusion when he surrendered her to Arnheim. But if her own love had not quite blinded all her senses, when she felt the fierce beating of that heart on which she leaned, as Bartholomew swept her away in the wild waltz, Eleanor would have shrunk from that arm of his as from a serpent, and would have hesitated ere confiding the burden of her dearest hopes to the trust of a man himself nothing but an atom in the rushing torrent of unchecked passions—though it was Arnheim who had really become infatuated with Bartholomew's grace of manner, and had poured forth to him his wishes and his fears, with that boyish fervency that characterized him, and that used to make Eleanor tremble at once with apprehension and delight.

It followed, then, in this stolen intercourse of lovers and assistance of a friend, only as a natural incident that Mr. Bartholomew, expressing a desire for the portrait of Eleanor, should have been indulged in the rather unusual whim by the guardians, anxious to use all fit means to effect the union of Eleanor's probable fortune with his own, and conscious that daily sight of her beauty would be one of the most potent, and that he should be allowed to attend her at the sittings in the temporary seaside studio of the young artist, whom he selected, as being on the spot—sittings where none could know the impatient agony of his endurance, as he sat aside, with his book in hand, half forgotten, behind the intervening screen, and just as much forgotten with the screen folded, and seeming to see nothing of the bliss of those innocent lovers. A long series of summer mornings, each one illumined more by the smiles of her sweet face than by the sun in heaven, as she sat there, beautiful in her roseate attire, and Arnheim painted; and there were low words and murmured replies and loving silences, till his blood bubbled in his veins, and his very breath seemed stifled in the fever of his longing and his hate.

Arnheim planned a secret marriage. "I could not hesitate," he said to Bartholomew, "but for Eleanor's future. I dare not breathe the scheme to her when I think of that. If I were taken from her, and left her alone in the world, or burdened—for she has no fortune during her stepmother's life, nor afterward, if marrying without that dame's consent—"

"You have no occasion for fear," said Bartholomew, and, despite of his absolute determination that such a marriage never should take place, shivering as the thought conveyed by Arnheim's words crept over him. He spoke mechanically, and stopped and looked a measured look at the fair-haired, slender youth ere finishing. As he looked, a second thought followed the other with a fresh shudder, that he stopped midway, though the effort almost made his heart stand still, and then one single intention thrust itself before him, bright and sharp as the blade of a dagger—of the little Damascus dagger that he had in his dressing-case that moment. In a moment, as Arnheim turned wondering toward him, waiting for the conclusion of his sentence, and saying:

"You tell me I have no occasion for fear, when all the way is so dark and so obscure?"

"Not the least," said Bartholomew, now quite himself. "For, in the first place, why should you die?"

"Ah, why do you speak of death—the cruel word—so bluntly?" cried the sensitive Arnheim, half trembling with the bald thought of it.

"Before achieving fame and fortune," continued Bartholomew, obliviously. "But, should the worst come, can you not believe that—for your sake, if not for her own—I will make it the object of my life to protect Eleanor and Eleanor's, and stand between the woman you have loved and any want or trouble that may come?"

"Ah, Bartholomew!" responded Arnheim. "How true a friend you are! But yet—you may marry."

"That is unlikely," said Bartholomew, with a brevity of manner that implied past sorrow.

"Is that so? My poor fellow!" cried the happy Arnheim. "Ah! I detest myself to think—I must confess it—to think that once I half mistrusted you—you, Bartholomew, and feared you meant to win Eleanor away from me. It was only once," as Bartholomew started—"only a moment. You must forgive it. But I have known this long time that I should be restless till I told you. Indeed, perhaps it would have been the best for her—for I am so capricious, so sensitive, so jealous, indeed, that I often fear I shall never make my darling happy."

If Bartholomew's heart had softened any—if for one quick moment he had been of half the mind to vanish from the place and take an aching heart away with him for life, while he left the lovers undisturbed by any future machinations of his envy, those last words changed it all and made him hard and cold as a piece of polished steel. His darling! And he must listen to it. But Arnheim's darling she should not be for long! Mine! his heart cried out. My darling, mine! Yet he knew that Arnheim would repeat his last friendly words to Eleanor, and make them another link in the chain with which he meant to bind her; for when he should be fast fixed and surely her friend, he dared to hope that he might reach forth to further happiness. Other sin than that of winning her from the man she loved had not been in his thought when he began; other sin becoming necessary, he did not pause to ask himself if, when the edge of his rapture of possession should be dulled, no after horror would cause him to feel the price paid for that rapture too dear, if reaching so far into sin would not bring a reaction into virtue that should make his future a hell while yet on earth.

Bartholomew, in those days of his early manhood, was a person of much charm and many powers; no one who knew him but would have believed it impossible that he should not overshadow a youth without much attraction of face or form—without friends, connection, experience, or wealth. But no one, saving Eleanor, was aware of the depth of that nature of Arnheim's toward which her affection had gone out so strongly, the heights of his aspiration, the compass of his capacities, and—existing, as he did, in the ideal—that certain need of protection from the thorns and prickles of this actual world which made her cherish him the more tenderly, content that there was no service she could render him who so exalted her life from common things into a realm of glorified delights.

That seaside-summer must have been nearly at an end before Bartholomew came distinctly to comprehend that, with all his charms and powers, he was under complete eclipse when Arnheim was present, and at all other times a mere satellite shining to Eleanor's eyes solely by reflection of Arnheim's lustre and the friendship he allowed him.

Did it then become necessary for Bartholomew to take further steps? There is no one but Bartholomew who can answer that question. To blacken his rival before Eleanor? That would have been impossible. To—remove him? In America, in the nineteenth century, in the heart of prosaic civilization, where the mask and domino and stiletto and black drop, the violent passion and violent expression of passion, were outgrown and unknown, that would be an absurdity. Yes, an absurdity, indeed, to every one but Arnheim—he might find it more tragical. And Arnheim removed—who more fit than Arnheim's friend to comfort Arnheim's bride? Perhaps, after all, such thoughts as these were only the fancies of a dream, and their thinker had only been dozing in the sun, for Bartholomew started at Arnheim's voice like one who shakes off a swarm of stinging things, and gayly followed down the shore as the other led the way.

"It is like that day when I made the study of that sketch to which Eleanor took such a fancy," said Arnheim.

"Just such a day," responded Bartholomew, "here is the heat, there is the sea swinging all together like a metal shield, there is that bank of cloud on the horizon that rose in such a fury and almost blew us into the waves as we stood there while you scratched in that crazy-like sleep."

"How Eleanor claimed that picture, do you remember? It made me superstitious for a time. But then I had told her of the presentiment I always have of perishing in such a tempest as that, in sight of shore, my hour of storm shut in between two hours of sunshine before and after. I wonder if the boats are all out."

Not they. We'll find them in the cove. Not any of our hotel-braves will venture out with a thunder-storm mounting the horizon. A race of cowards, these gallants of ours. But what do you think? The wind is rising—rising fast. We shall be wet to the skin. Had you really better go? There was a strange tone in Bartholomew's voice, low as it was, like that of an instrument whose strings have been wound to their last endurance; another touch and they must sunder.

"I am going to sketch the foam flying over the Jags, if we sail under water," answered

Arnhem. "We shall reach the rocks, the storm shall burst while we are there sheltered in the little cave; it will pass with the ebb, and we shall return as we came. But do not join me, Bartholomew, if you think there is any risk; I can take the fisherman for the helm."

"Risk?" said Bartholomew, with a dry laugh. "Risk for me?"

"Are you going out, Arnhem?" cried Eleanor, suddenly rising from the shadow of the rocks where she had been idling away the noon, as they rounded the corner of the cove where all the boats lay moored. "And this storm coming?"

"For an hour or two," said he, gayly. "Just over to the Jags sketching," as if the convulsions of Nature would have something more consideration for such an occupation than if it had been fishing. "It will be a wet sea before we reach there, or you should go along," and he ran down the shingle to the boat on which his fancy had alighted.

"I have been telling Arnhem of the danger. I have been telling him of the risk he runs," said Bartholomew, lingering beside Eleanor while Arnhem threw out the nets and baskets in the boat. "But he is too headstrong to care for danger when there is a new effect of color or of light to be obtained by the mere encountering of it."

"That is right," said Eleanor, half proudly, straightening her beautiful figure, and looking down the beach at Arnhem with a sort of transfiguring light on her face, in her starry eyes, in the crimson of her velvet cheek. "That is right. Those that have an art must forget themselves and danger in its service."

"And sometimes Eleanor," said he, gazing at her with a burning eye. "Ah, no," said she, more gently, not comprehending the spirit of his remark; "they that are one with each other neither forget nor remember—they exist only in love. My spirit should go with Arnhem, his spirit stay with me, you know, whether we are together upon the land, or apart upon the sea."

(To be concluded in our next.)

HOW DISEASE IS GENERATED IN NEW YORK.

For some weeks past—indeed, ever since the commencement of the fiery temperature which prevailed through July, and thus far in the month of August, with scarcely a softening variation—persons who have crossed the bay to Staten or Coney Island, or passed at certain tides through the East or North river, must have noticed the noxious effluvia which fill the air, proceeding from the carcasses of horses and other animals floating in the water, or lying in the sun in their last and most offensive stages of decay. A Brooklyn Journal, noticing the frequency with which these putrescent bodies are to be met, and the great jeopardy in which the public health has been placed in consequence, sent one of its reporters to ascertain the extent of the evil. The information obtained is as startling as it is serious. The reporter writes:

"The public will be astonished and indignant when it learns that the underlings of the offal contractors are nightly flinging to the waves the carcasses of animals in all stages of putrefaction. The manner in which these are disposed of, and death in consequence brought to our doors, is in this wise:

"Provision for relieving the metropolis of its dead animals is made by contract, and the terms of it are that these pestiferous things shall be taken at night by boats, and carried down the bay to a place of deposit where they can be ground, boiled, or burned, and their stench thus escape the nostrils of our citizens. In the event of not being able to secure an available outlet on land, the contract states that these nuisances shall be carried out to the ocean, and there, at the outgoing tide, be thrown overboard to float away into aquatic immensity. The result would be, if this were done, that our bay would be relieved from these floating carcasses. Instead of this, however, for some time past the men who carry off these cargoes have neglected to do their duty, and instead of taking the boats down to the ocean, they cast adrift all the carcasses on board along in the Narrows, down around Coney Island, and at a time when the tide is setting in. The result is just the same as if the dead animals were thrown direct from the docks in New York city. The carcasses, not positively sinking when first taken away, drift about in the bay, going out and returning as the tide serves, until the effect of water and sun in these seething days renders them so absolutely putrid that human olfactory cannot stand the stench. Such is the condition at present in our bay and alongshore, that it is next to impossibility to breathe. At a moderate estimate, from Fulton Ferry to Coney Island, there are from fifty to one hundred carcasses floating about or roasting upon the shore. There are cats, dogs, cows, goats and horses, with tons of putrid liver and entrails, now slowly floating in and out, or else stranded, and all of them giving forth odors that would sicken the stoutest stomach in Christendom. Every night this horrid pestilence-breeding business is continued, until now the half-suffocated residents have threatened to rise en masse, and bring about relief or perish in the attempt. Already small-boats have chased these worse than pirates with constables for civil arrest, and rifles for force, if necessary. Thus far nothing has been done, for the reason that the small-boats have been unable to come up with the offal-boats, but they have learned the fact that these carcasses are thrown overboard in the bay clearly in violation of law. The true way to get at this trouble and relieve our shores would be to compel New York to do what decency and health requires, by putting those terrible-smelling carcasses so far out that they cannot be returned by the tide. Better to take them to mid-ocean than create a malarial from which the most disastrous effects must result. Passengers state that the

Coney Island boat, as it makes its trips, passes a dozen or more of floating carcasses, and when by accident the keel strikes one of them, a stench is forced out which poisons the atmosphere, and can be distinctly detected at a distance of ten miles."

Our engraving truthfully illustrates a night-scene in the bay of New York, wherein at high tide men employed by the offal contractors are seen throwing the putrid carcasses of horses, etc., into the water, to drift hither and thither until they are cast ashore to breed contagion, or else sink bone by bone to the bed of the bay. The Metropolitan Board of Health should take active measures to prevent such flagrant and disastrous violations of law.

THE GREAT YACHT RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.

As we go to press the great race in American waters for the Queen's Cup, taken from the English yachts by the America in August, 1851, is being contended for by the English yacht Cambria, Mr. Ashbury owner—the course, the one so familiar to New York yachtsmen, namely, from the anchorage near the Club House at Staten Island, to the Southwest Spit, thence to the Light Ship, rounding which the path is straight to the point of departure. Mr. Ashbury, in a recent speech, said that it was a disgrace to England that the Queen's Cup, won fairly enough by an American vessel, should so long remain in the hands, unchallenged, of the New York Yacht Club, and that one of his leading objects in crossing the Atlantic was to take the cup home with him—which he hoped he should do. He will have a fair chance, but it is exceedingly doubtful his having the good fortune to redeem England's "honor" in this matter. The heels of his yacht are not light enough to compete with the Yankee sailors he will ever find ready to defend the prize so gallantly won by the creation of George Steers. The following New York schooner-yachts were entered for the race, and most of them spread their sails on the 8th inst:

Name.	Owners.	Tons.	Measurement.
America.....	R. W. Morse, Jr.,	178.6	2,074.8
Phantom.....	H. G. Stebbins..	123.3	2,063.4
Madge.....	R. H. Loper.....	122.2	2,031.9
Silvia.....	E. Dodge.....	106.2	1,807.8
Tidal Wave.....	William Voorhis..	153.5	1,879.7
Madeline.....	J. Voorhis.....	148.2	1,787
Rambler.....	J. H. Banker.....	160	1,893
Idler.....	T. C. Durant.....	125.5	1,934.6
Danities.....	J. G. Bennett, Jr.,	268	2,899
Magie.....	Franklin Osgood..	67.2	1,680
Fleetwing.....	G. A. Osgood.....	206.1	2,308.7
Palmer.....	R. Stuyvesant.....	154.2	2,371.9
Alice.....	G. U. Kidd.....	83.3	1,425.1
Fleur de Lys.....	J. S. Dickerson..	92.5	1,429.3
Eva.....	Mahlon Sands.....	81.2	1,561.5
Restless.....	Phillips Cheney..	95.4	1,478.6
Josephine.....	B. M. G. Durfee..	143	1,935
Calypso.....	A. S. Hatch.....	102.7	1,694
Widgeon.....	C. G. Dodge.....	105.9	1,616
Halcyon.....	G. G. Havens.....	121	1,923
Jesse.....	J. R. Smith.....	30.9	678.4
Tarolinta.....	J. Van Schick.....	30.7	678.4
	H. A. Kent, Jr.,	204.7	2,221.7

THE AMERICA'S RACE IN ENGLAND.

The subjoined sketch of the America's appearance in English waters, and race with and victory over the fleetest vessels of the Royal Yacht Club, will be read with interest at this time: At no time since the establishment of the Royal Yacht Club was there such an excitement among its members as occurred on the occasion of this race. Passengers on the London Railroad on that day said that from the moment of leaving Waterloo Road Station until arriving at Cowes nothing else was talked of by railroad and steamboat passengers except "the Yankee yacht." A singular unanimity of opinion prevailed as to her qualities. She was able, they said, to outcall "all creation," except that other Yankee, the Maria. Still they hoped, Micawber-like, that "something might turn up" to save the honor of Old England. Every possible criticism was made upon the foreigner. Her speed was only "a trick of build," and she would only win once and then be found out. Besides, she was "so ugly," and had "so little room in her," with a hundred other crumbs of comfort, the very enjoyment of which only served to show how deeply seated was the feeling of utter despair of her being matched, at least for the present. Southampton overflowed with strangers. Wanderers were moving about the streets long after midnight, knocking at impracticable doors, and drawing nightcapped heads from the windows, only to receive the unpleasant intelligence that there was no room for them. Shortly after nine o'clock the yachts were at their stations off the Club House, the America lying considerably astern—a strange-looking craft enough, with her long, low, black hull, and thick, stiff-looking, rakish masts, not at all the sort of "phantom ship" that Fenimore Cooper loved to paint. The following shows the impression she made upon one of the English critics:

"A big-boned skeleton she might be called, but no phantom. Here are not the tall, delicate, graceful spars, with cobweb tracery of cordage, scarcely visible against the gray and threatening evening sky, but hardy stocks, prepared for work, and up to anything that can be put upon them. Her hull is very low; her breadth of beam considerable, and her draught of water peculiar—six feet forward and eleven feet aft. Her ballast is stowed in her sides about her water-line; and as she is said to be nevertheless deficient in head room between decks, her form below the water-line must be rather curious. She carries no foretopmast, being apparently determined to do all her work with large sheets, and how she can do it this day will probably show better than any of the short and accidental courses that she has hitherto run against yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron."

The following were the yachts entered for

the race: "The Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, of £100 value, open to yachts belonging to all nations. Course round the Isle of Wight. To start at ten o'clock. Stations—No. 1 being next Cowes Castle:

1. Beatrice (sch.), 161 tons, Sir W. P. Carew, Bart.
2. Volante (cutter), 48 tons, J. L. Craigie, Esq.
3. Arrow (cutter), 84 tons, T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
4. Wyvern (sch.), 218 tons, the Duke of Marlborough.
5. Ione (sch.), 76 tons, Almon Hill, Esq.
6. Constance (sch.), 218 tons, Marquis of Conyngham.
7. Titania (sch.), 100 tons, R. Stephenson, Esq., M. P.
8. Gipsy Queen (sch.), 160 tons, Sir H. B. Hogton, Bart.
9. Alarm (cutter), 193 tons, Joseph Weld, Esq.
10. Mona (cutter), 82 tons, Lord Alfred Paget.
11. America (sch.), 170 tons, J. C. Stevens, Esq.
12. Brilliant (3 mast sch.), 392 tons, G. H. Acker, Esq.
13. Bacchante (cutter), 80 tons, B. H. Jones, Esq.
14. Freak (cutter), 61 tons, W. Carling, Esq.
15. Stella (cutter), 68 tons, R. Frankland, Esq.
16. Eclipse (cutter), 60 tons, H. S. Fearon, Esq.
17. Fernande (sch.), 127 tons, Myer Hellary, Esq.
18. Aurata (cutter), 47 tons, Le Marchant Thomas, Esq.

At five minutes before ten the signal-gun to leave short and prepare for starting was fired, and a moment afterward foretopsails and jibs were run up upon six or seven of the squadron. Within three minutes all were ready but the America. She was not only astern, but apparently resolved not to hurry herself. At length the enormous foremast was displayed; and, as if to show how expert her crew could be if they liked, her jib, both her fore and aft mainsails and gaff topsail on her main were spread in an instant, and when the second gun was fired a little before ten o'clock, she went away with the rest. The Beatrice led, the Arrow being second, the Volante third, Gipsy Queen fourth, the remainder pretty close together, and the America last. A tight breeze was then blowing from west-southwest. Within the first minute the vast superiority of the America became visible. She began at once to glide up to the fleet, and then to pass one yacht after another, until off Old Castle Point; and before the steamers that were going round to Ventnor had got their passengers on board, she had taken the fourth place, the Volante being first, Arrow second, and Beatrice third; and all that could be said for them was that they were delaying her from taking the lead a little longer than the others.

The only question now was whether the cutters could beat her in rounding the island, as she had already beaten the Pearl to windward. As she spun along, an old sea-dog observed: "Dye see that ere steamer? I'm blessed if the Yankee don't beat her out of sight around the island?" and the signal-master at the Club House said to a gentleman who asked for information, "Pshaw, sir, catch her? You might as well set a bull-dog to catch a hare."

The rest of the story is soon told. The America ran ahead so fast that when she returned to the starting-point, Cowes Castle, the following memorable colloquy took place between the Queen and one of her officers: "Who is first?" said the Queen. "The America." "Who is second?" "Nobody!" The fact is, that when the America first appeared no other yacht was in sight.

THE QUEEN'S CUP.

The cup, which, for nineteen years, has been in the undisputed possession of the New York Yacht Club, is in the form of an antique ewer, with Arabesque ornamentation. It has been on exhibition at Tiffany's for several days, and has been examined with interest by multitudes. It weighs one hundred and thirty-two ounces. It is twenty-eight inches high. The pedestal has a diameter of about eight inches. Above that, for three inches, the diameter is but an inch and a half.

It then spreads into a bulb of six inches in diameter. A couple of inches above this is the main reservoir of the vessel, which spreads to a diameter of a foot, and would hold at least a gallon, if there were any bottom to the ewer. Unfortunately for its possible future and thirsty owners, this important part has been left out, whether intentionally or not does not appear.

Above the main bulb is a neck of about a foot, topped, to use a homely comparison, with a spout like that of a molasses pitcher. A large handle, like that on some teapots, which, if stretched out straight, would be two feet long, completes the ewer.

The only ornaments on the vessel that are at all symbolical or illustrative of ideas are the six female heads at the points of contact of the six burnished "shields" (for inscriptions) on the main bulb.

Around the ewer, above the main bulb, is a circle of Arabesque studs. Three of these shields already contain inscriptions. The original one reads:

ONE HUNDRED GUINEA CUP,
WON
AUGUST 22, 1851, AT COWES,
ENGLAND,
BY THE YACHT AMERICA,
OF THE
ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA,
OPEN TO ALL NATIONS,
HEATING

Cutters. Schooners.
Valiant..... 48 tons. Beatrice..... 161 tons.
Arrow..... 84 tons. Wyvern..... 205 tons.
Alarm..... 193 tons. Ione..... 75 tons.
Mona..... 82 tons. Constance..... 218 tons.
Bacchante..... 80 tons. Gipsy Queen..... 160 tons.
Freak..... 60 tons. Brilliant..... 392 tons.
Eclipse..... 60 tons.

Another shield bears this inscription:

SCHOONER AMERICA, 170 TONS,
AT THE
COMMODORE JOHN C. STEVENS,
BUILT BY GEORGE STEERS,
OF NEW YORK,
1851.

The third is as follows:

Presented to
THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB
As a Challenge Cup,
Open to all Foreign Nations,
By the owners—John C. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes,
George L. Schuyler, J. Beckman Finlay, Edwin A. Stevens.

In our next issue splendid pictures of the yacht-race, prepared from sketches and photographs, will be given.

NEWS BREVITIES.

WISCONSIN'S potato crop is heavy.

Garlic butter is a delicacy in Spain.

CINCINNATI has seventy printing-offices.

NEWPORT has fifteen Episcopal ministers.

A DUBUQUE girl has sued her mother for slander.

HARRISBURGH, PA., has a colored candidate for mayor.

PARIS consumed last year, as human food, 2,758 horses.

NORTH CAROLINIANS are raising figs with great success.

AMERICAN ice-pitchers are considered a great luxury in Paris.

CHICAGO publishes ninety-five newspapers and periodicals.

LAST year there were only 994 British troops in Australia.

CALIFORNIA produces 3,000,000 pounds of quicksilver annually.

LONDON is the hottest and Liverpool the coolest city in England.

PUBLIC baths are among the improvements in contemplation at Rochester.

INDIANA has nearly cleared off her State debt by means of divorce fees.

ACCORDING to Gladstone, the wealth of England increases \$600,000,000 every year.

It is estimated that one thousand immigrants per day are settling in Minnesota.

SPARROWS are said to hunt mosquitoes as well as worms, and thus do double duty.

AMERICANS are said to be the greatest wearers of kid gloves of any nation in the world.

THE Greenfield "Commercial" has a column of scraps which it heads "Higgledy-piggledies."

A MACHINE at Rutland, Vt., can cut one million two hundred thousand slate-pencils a day.

THE heat in England this summer has been three degrees above the average of the last fifty years.

THE family silver of the deposed Duke of Nassau weighs, collectively, seventy hundredweight!

THE post-office at Acquia Creek, Va., has been discontinued, but the creek itself has not dried up.

THE University of Vienna has decided to admit women to all the advantages of its medical school.

SAN FRANCISCO has reduced the salary of its 194 primary school-teachers, chiefly women, \$13,000 a year.

IN Prussia, 1,604 persons who had been legally divorced applied, during 1869, for permission to remarry.

A NORWEGIAN family, consisting of a father, mother and twenty-one children, passed West the other day.

BRIEK tea is a common Russian beverage. It is made of the dust of the plant pressed in the form of bricks.

ELDORADO is the name of a new city now being built in Kansas. It has already a population of eight hundred.

A GENTLEMAN in Augusta, Me., has purchased a large house which he will fit up for a home for old women.

A FAITHFUL wife passed through a town in Kansas the other day with her decrepit husband lashed to her back.

A LONDON youth who was waiting trial for burglary coolly stole a handkerchief from the pocket of the police-inspector.

WORK on the railroad bridge at Omaha is progressing rapidly. The bridge is to extend one mile east of the river.

A SOUTHERN paper apologizes for not giving particulars of several fights in town the night before, as its local was drunk.

THE Panama and West India Cable Company have begun operations. Twenty-five miles of the cable have been laid.

BRIGHTON, Eng., is constructing a gigantic aquarium a hundred feet wide by several hundred long, at a cost of \$250,000.

SINCE the beginning of the insurrection in Cuba, the Spanish Government has confiscated over \$400,000,000 worth of property.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY Chinamen have been engaged in San Francisco to work in the quarries of the Adirondacks, New York.

SINCE Queen Victoria took her place on the English throne, thirty-three years ago, every other throne in Europe has changed occupancy.

A VERY fatal form of fever is prevailing at Kinderhook and the immediate neighborhood. It is of a typhoid character and very malignant.

THE orders for remodeling of Springfield muzzle-loaders into breech-loaders are nearly fulfilled; there remained but 2,482 to make up the 50,000.

PASSENGERS in the steamboats plying on the Hudson river complain that necessary care is not exercised in protecting their property from thieves.

A MEMBER of the English Parliament proposes to pay the national debt in twenty-five years by an increased income tax of ninepence on every pound.

DURING a recent tornado at Attica, Ind., a man was taken up by the wind, and dashed to the ground with so much force as to cause almost instant death.

AN officer of the Prussian army has been for some weeks in Rochester, by order of his Government, investigating the manner of raising grain and its manufacture into flour.

THE Savannah (Mo.) "Tribune" of the 16th ult. has the following comprehensive notice: "Eggs, butter, spring chickens, and greenbacks taken on subscription at this office."

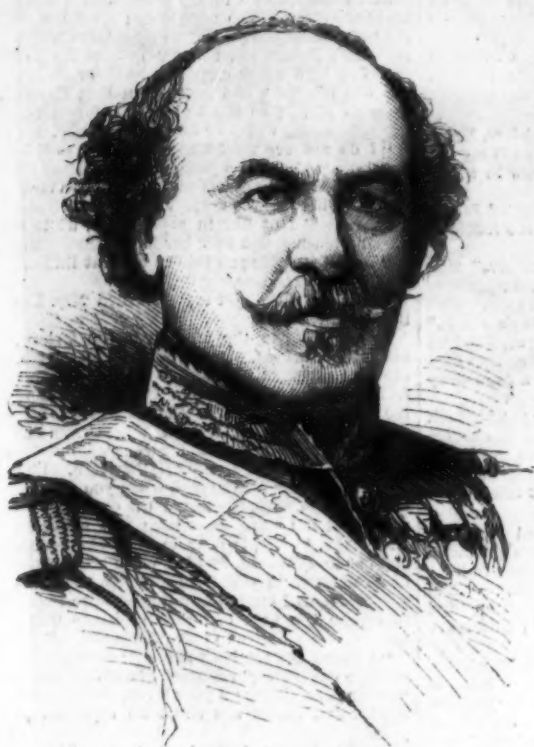
FURTHER discoveries have been made in Pompeii in the shape of five musical instruments made of silver and ivory, and having a close resemblance to the flute of the present day.

THE oldest of the Onondaga Indians, a little man, now over one hundred years, declares that the Cardiff Giant is one of a race of stone men who were swept into the bowels of the earth while endeavoring to annihilate his tribe.

It is now stated that fears are entertained that the ends of the Hoosic tunnel will not meet, as the mineral in the mountain has undoubtedly affected the plumb-lines and other instruments used in determining the direction of the bores.



OVERBOARD, AT SEA.—THE ACCIDENT TO THE YACHT DAUNTLESS, BY WHICH TWO OF HER CREW WERE LOST, ON THE THIRD DAY OUT OF HER OCEAN RACE WITH THE YACHT CAMBRIA.—SEE PAGE 363.



MARSHAL CANROBERT.



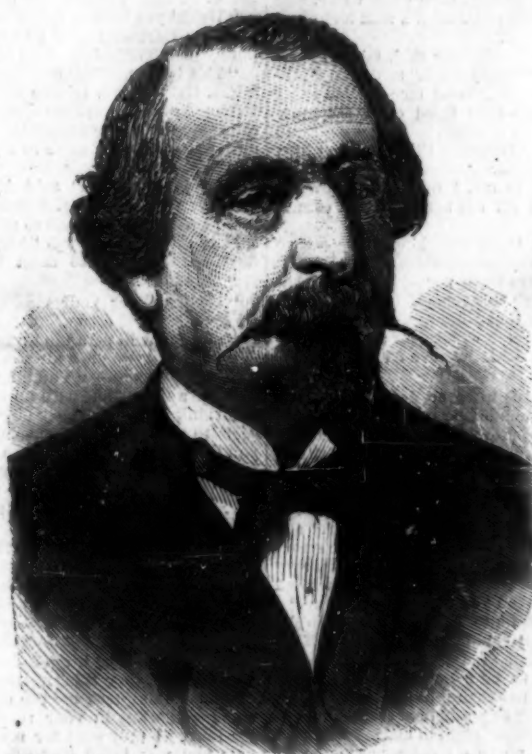
MARSHAL MACMAHON.



MARSHAL BAZAINE.



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.



GENERAL FROSSARD.



M. EMILE OLIVIER, PRIME MINISTER.



GENERAL FAIDY.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF FRANCE, AND THEIR ADVISERS AND THEIR GENERALS.—See Page 363.

DEPARTED.

Love reigned king in my heart one day,
Reigned with his courtiers three—
Belief unshaken, Faith unbroken,
And Trust as deep as the sea;
And I cried in sweet pain, "Oh, long may they reign,
And my heart be their kingdom away."

But the courtier Belief slipped down from the throne,
And died at the feet of King Love;
I saw him falling, all vainly calling
To the king and the courtiers above.
And he struggled with death, and he labored for breath,
Till he died with a heartbroken moan.

"But the king and his two noble courtiers still reign,
And shall reign forever," I said.
But lo! on the morrow I wept in keen sorrow,
For Trust in his beauty lay dead.
And I buried him low, and I said, "Now I know
How to cherish the two who remain."

But Faith drooped and died, and Love sat alone.
But he pined for the ones that were dead.
A king without reason, he reigned for a season,
But his strength and his glory had fled;
And no pain stirred my breast, and I said, "It is best,"
When he tottered and fell from his throne.

THE WIFE'S PLOT;

OR,

THE PRIDE OF THE HATHERLEIGHS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"GATHER me together the drops that are scattered abroad, make me the flowers green again that are withered," sighed a prophet in the olden time; and this is still the sorrowful cry of the human heart, when the buds of its first spring fall and die, and the soul feels that the freshness and the dew have dried up from the earth, and henceforth it must walk in barren places, where the drops of water are scattered, as it were, on dry sand, and the flowers are withered even as the hand touches them. Kneeling on the grass, her eyes clouded by tears, Ethel gathered up her broken roses to the last leaf; but she knew the fresh hope and joy that had been with them in their culling were fled forever, and she could only keep them, as we cherish flowers on a grave in remembrance of the dead and the love that has left us forever. Well, the trial was come and gone that she had feared so much. The great heart-wrench was made, and if her soul was shaken, it was still strong and noble; if her love was quivering in the first shock of its despair, it could still endure and shrink not—it could still feel itself quenchless, and so infinite in tenderness that its wisdom in clear light could touch eternity, and behold itself living beyond the worlds deathless and holy.

Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Not in vain do we love and bear and suffer,
For every sorrow that comes to us through affection
Is like a cable from heaven's strand
Drawing our poor, frail, earthly bark to its eternal haven.

Ethel went softly up the green glade of Hatherleigh, bearing the poor, faded flowers with her, that he had thought so idle, and in the pure serenity of her patience the great trouble in her heart scarcely showed upon her sweet face.

"At the door of the hall Mrs. Hatherleigh met her, and shading her deep-set eyes with her worn hand, she looked her through, and wondered a little at her as she passed. It was spirit striving to look into spirit, and if their eyes had met, she might have seen a strange peace, and read it truly; but Ethel's lids were drooping, and so the secret of her patient woe was hid. But the dark lashes rested on a cheek of ivory, and over all the gentle aspect of her fair figure there hovered a wonderful shadow—a something sad and solemn, to be felt, not seen, like the presence of the angel as he stood beside the three Jews, when they sang to God from the midst of the furnace. This was the shadow on her—a sort of faint glory invisible to mortal eyes. She had passed through the fire, and come out scatheless; she had felt the first breath of the furnace that purifies and redeems, for the love that suffers is holier than the love that triumphs. The first is worthy of the angels; the last is only sweet to man.

"Ethel!" said Mrs. Hatherleigh.

The girl started, and there crept up to her pale face a transient color, like the troubled, quivering shadow of the rose in a stream, when she droops over the water, faint with the noon-day's kiss.

"You look ill, child," said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "You should not walk in the heat of the day. Come to my room and rest yourself."

Ethel was longing for solitude, but it was not easy to refuse a request of Mrs. Hatherleigh's; so she followed her to the pretty, cool room, looking east, where a veranda, covered with creeping plants and flowers, shut out the heat, and the open windows let in the shadows of green leaves and the murmur of the trees as they bent to the light wind.

Near Mrs. Hatherleigh's sofa was placed a little table, with cake and wine laid on it, and an arm-chair drawn up close by.

"That is for you, Ethel," she said. "You have had no lunch, and you are very tired."

This little kindly preparation made for her struck Ethel to the heart. Her eyes filled with

tears, and she shaded her face with her hand to hide them.

"Thank God, who has upheld me," she thought within herself, "I am not a traitress. I can accept her kindness. I have not treacherously sapped the foundations of her house; I have refused happiness at such a cost. But I can love Ralph still, though I shall soon be to him only a dream—a shadow which touched the morning of his life and fled away."

Mrs. Hatherleigh saw the small hand hiding the tear-filled eyes—saw the wan look, the patient wistfulness, the solemn, peaceful sorrow on the sweet face, but she uttered no word to startle the heart-stricken girl from the calm she assumed so well. She watched her jealously, wondering at the shadow of patient pain upon her, wondering at the peace shining serene out of her dark eyes—wondering, not believing, and yet fighting faintly all the while with her prejudice, her long, long fear and indecision, and—she owned it now—her blind dislike.

"I want to talk to you, if you are rested," she said, abruptly; "but not if it should vex you."

"Why should it vex me?" asked Ethel, a little surprised.

"Because I have to speak of serious things, and the young are not always pleased to have sorrow intruded on them."

Ethel smiled wistfully at this.

"My youth has not been so happy that I cannot understand what sorrow is," she said. "Surely you do not think me so impatient that I should be angry to hear of it."

"No, you seem patient," returned Mrs. Hatherleigh. "You have staid here patiently to please a poor invalid, although no one has been very kind to you."

"Do not say that," interposed Ethel. "In a time of sickness and trouble guests do not look for much attention. I have only wondered—"

"You have wondered why we invited you here," interrupted Mrs. Hatherleigh—"why we have pressed you to stay, apparently not liking you all the while?"

Ethel flushed painfully, then grew white, and leaned back in her chair with a sick feeling of anguish at her heart.

"You are very frank," she said, faintly.

"You mean I am very cruel," said Mrs. Hatherleigh; and the fair, proud face flushed in its turn, and the keen eyes fixed on Ethel grew dark with a strange shadow.

"No, not cruel," returned Ethel, and her low, gentle voice trembled. "From words Mrs. Hatherleigh has said to me, I think you know my true name, and I am not surprised you cannot like me."

The shadow in those searching eyes grew so deep, that in a less proud woman Ethel might have thought tears were gathering there; but in Mrs. Hatherleigh this seemed impossible.

"I do not deny that you are right," she said.

"So you can make allowances for a prejudice?"

"Yes; I never look for love from any one," said Ethel.

The simple words were so desolate, and the girl's voice had such a ring of pathos in it to-day in her new sorrow, that it struck a chord in Mrs. Hatherleigh's heart, and held her silent.

"Prejudices blind us greatly," she said, in a moment; "but surely in your case they have not cut you off from all affection? You are too beautiful for that. You have many gifts," she added. "You are not poor, although circumstances gave you"—she hesitated, and a weary sigh broke from her lips—"gave you a wicked parent, and deprived you of a mother's care."

"You are cruel now," said Ethel, softly. "But perhaps you cannot guess how bitterly I have felt the want of a mother—how hard I have thought it to be separated from her, she being living, yet not caring to see my face."

"Such a mother as yours is not worth regretting," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, in her hardest tone. "She gave you up to a stranger at your very birth—a fortunate thing, perhaps, for you. You have been in better hands than hers."

"You must not judge my mother," cried Ethel, a little impetuously. "Poor, wretched, wrecked, and heartbroken, she had grown desperate when she parted with me. Out of her very love for her child she let me go. You shall not say a word to me against her. There are things I cannot hear from a Hatherleigh, and this is one."

Mrs. Hatherleigh's proud face had flushed a little as she listened, yet she answered quite calmly, and with a smile half sad on her lips.

"So you have courage to defend the absent?" she said. "May you not owe that to Mr. Dalton's teaching? He is a man whom I honor very much. If he had not been your guardian—if you had always lived with the mother you deplore, I doubt if you would ever have seen Hatherleigh."

"And why should I see Hatherleigh?" thought Ethel. "Why should this proud woman consider it such a privilege to be under her roof, that I should be glad to stay, though disliked and secretly unwelcome?"

The keen eyes fixed on her read her thoughts quite well.

"You do not look on your visit to Hatherleigh as a very happy thing," she said; "but wait and see what will come of it before you judge. If, through you, a man, grown obstinate with age and sorrow, should be won to do justice, you will be glad you came—will you not?"

"I should be glad indeed," replied Ethel, and her voice trembled. "Nothing would give me so much joy as to aid in that righteous cause. But it lies in your hands, Mrs. Hatherleigh, not in mine."

"In mine, child!" she said. "You make a sad mistake there."

"Yes, in yours," replied Ethel, steadily. "Mr. Hatherleigh asks constantly for his grandson, and yet you refuse this natural request. Let him come to him, let him see his face, and there will be no more talk of unjust wills, such as vexed me the other day."

"Is that your rash judgment?" asked Mrs. Hatherleigh, mournfully. "I should cause then

the very injustice I fear. Wait patiently; I will send for Ralph Hatherleigh in time enough."

"Mr. Hatherleigh has told me that both you and Lady Augusta resisted his unjust, odd fancies," resumed Ethel; "so I know you wish only to do what is right—this is why I ventured to suggest you should yield to his request. Pray do not talk of 'time enough,' but send for your grandson at once."

"It is impossible at present," said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "You must wait, at least until my son returns home. He is expected now in a few days."

"It is not I who have to wait," replied Ethel; "it is Mr. Hatherleigh, and he is too feeble to bear delay."

"I intend to wait till my son's return," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, in that steady, imperative voice of hers. "I will not stir till then. You seem very anxious in this young man's cause," she added, and her piercing blue eyes, fixed on Ethel's face, marked the painful blush that flew swiftly over it, leaving it white as a snow-drop as it passed away.

"Will you try, in imagination, to put yourself in my place?" said Ethel, trembling exceedingly. "Will you try to measure all the pain I feel when I listen to Mr. Hatherleigh? You know he talks to me of leaving his estate to a Hartrow?"

"But he never shall!" interposed that firm voice again. "It is an old man's madness. You and I must save him from yielding to it."

"What can I do?" asked Ethel, sadly. "And if you will not consider my painful position here, I must vindicate my honor myself. I must leave Hatherleigh."

"I cannot let you go," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, and her low, resolute tone seemed to Ethel to have the ring in it of an iron will and purpose.

"You cannot wish me to remain here when my presence may lead to such a wrong," said Ethel, resolutely. "Think how frightful it would be if Mr. Hatherleigh carried out his resolve! You yourself would suspect me. The shadow of such a dishonor would be worse than death. I cannot stay in this house and risk it!"

"Would you hate so much to see Hatherleigh pass to a Hartrow? Am I to believe you are so purely disinterested?" asked her hostess.

"This is too much!" cried Ethel, indignantly. "Mrs. Hatherleigh, I have always been an unwelcome guest here, although, for some strange cause of which I am ignorant, you have insisted on my stay. I shall write to my father to-night, and bid him fetch me."

"To your father?" said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "Oh, you mean to Mr. Dalton. Yes, write to him; I shall be very glad to see him. Tell him so, and say I hope he will be my guest for a few days. I want him to meet my son, Captain Hatherleigh."

"I will deliver your message," said Ethel; "but when he hears what I have to say, I do not think he will pain me by remaining."

"Ah, the young are always impatient," said Mrs. Hatherleigh. "You find it grievous to bear for a little while with an old man's whims; you think it hard to suffer circumstances which seem to cast a shade of suspicion on you. Do you know for how many years I have borne to be called a proud, bitter, unjust woman—a woman who, out of cold dislike to a daughter-in-law, has striven to set a father's heart against his children?"

"I have heard you so spoken of," said Ethel, a little coldly; "but you have always had it in your power to clear away such a reproach; and since you confess yourself anxious for justice, I own I am surprised that you have endured such a stigma even for a week."

"I have endured it almost as many years as there are in your life," returned Mrs. Hatherleigh. "This gives me the right to ask you to suffer somewhat in your turn. It will not be for long. I only wait for my eldest son's arrival; you may leave Hatherleigh, then, if you will."

Her voice was perfectly low and gentle, but there was a bitter ring in its silvery tone, and her deep-set, unsmiling eyes were fixed on Ethel in a way which made the girl's heart beat painfully. Mrs. Hatherleigh's cruel courtesy was harder to bear than the savage roughness of the old squire, and Ethel's spirit rebelled against it, and rebelled also against the strange tyranny which held her here, though saying, almost in plain speech, "I dislike and distrust you."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Hatherleigh," she said, with firm gentleness. "I see no reason why I should be detained here for Captain Hatherleigh's arrival, when I have urgent reasons of my own for wishing to leave."

"Have you had no reasons also for wishing to stay?" asked Mrs. Hatherleigh, in the same cold, civil tone. "Has it not been very convenient to you, these few weeks past, to remain in this neighborhood?"

As the cruel question struck on Ethel's ear, a flush of crimson covered her neck and face; then the blood rushed back to her heart in a tide of agony, making her look like a marble statue of fear and pain. She gazed at Mrs. Hatherleigh in silence, in the very bewilderment of terror; and her hands, dropping down in their faintness, fell upon her lap, and touched the roses lying there. Then she burst into bitter tears, and could not for many minutes hold back the passionate, indignant sorrow which rent her heart. It was that forlorn touch of the dying flowers that opened the floodgates of her grief; it was these which, in the momentary weakness of her terror, overcame her calmness; but Mrs. Hatherleigh deemed her agitation arose from her remark alone, and she bent over her with a sudden contrition in her voice and manner.

"I am afraid I am not a very amiable hostess," she said, a little constrainedly, "but I am really sorry my inadvertent words have distressed you so much. I would not have spoken them had I known they would have given you pain."

"Pain!" echoed Ethel, in a bewildered way.

"Oh, what shall I do? I have not a friend whom I can trust."

Mrs. Hatherleigh's return to courtesy did not appear to stretch into friendship; for although she bestowed on her guest every attention that politeness demanded, she did not soothe her agitation by a single caressing word or touch. She was still cold, still watchful, noting Ethel's tears as silently as she had often before noted her commonest words or her patient smile.

"I do not see what a friend can do to help you," she said. "If a young lady permits herself clandestine meetings with a lover, she must expect to become the subject of remark."

Ethel gazed at her in amazement, while a burning blush swept over her face.

"Was it for this you think I staid at Hatherleigh?" she asked, as her lips shook.

"Certainly I thought so," returned Mrs. Hatherleigh, stiffly.

In her pain, in the anguish of the forlorn, patient love which, with such gentle nobleness, she had resigned that day, Ethel could scarce feel happy that her worst fear was relieved, and the secret of her visit to the cottage was yet unguessed at. Still, it took a load from her heart, and she was able to answer steadily—

"You mistake me, Mrs. Hatherleigh. If I had a reason for feeling glad when you pressed me to remain here, it was not the one you suppose; and if I have sometimes met a person who—who, I own, is dear to me," she added, and her lip quivered, and her voice broke from its steadiness, "I still have strength and courage to act as I ought; and it is because I wish to escape the pain of future meetings that I now earnestly desire to leave Hatherleigh."

"I do not see the least necessity for your immediate departure," returned her cold hostess, "or for your giving up your lover, either. His mother and father can make no objection to you."

Ethel's cheeks burned at this. "There speaks her old scorn of her son's wife," she thought. "She flings the same contempt on a Spence that she does on me. She would have me think that she does not care whom the son of a Spence marries; but if I dared to be so wicked as to take her at her word, she would cast off Ralph forever, and all hope of justice for him would be lost. Ah, I have seen and understood her pride too well to be deceived."

"I think his father and mother would object most justly," she said, with a sort of forlorn pride; "so would Mr. Dalton, and so should I. Years ago I resolved never to bring dishonor or shame into any family, and my resolve is as firm now, when my heart is broken, as it was then, when it was untouched, and I never thought to feel so desolate as I do to-day."

Her words brought a little touch of fever to Mrs. Hatherleigh's worn cheek, and the glitter of unshed tears to her deep eyes, but she was still watchful and distrustful.

"So you love this young man?" she said. "Or is it his position, his prospective fortune, which you feel hard to give up?"

"I have said farewell to him to-day forever," replied Ethel; "that answers your last question. As for the first—"

But tears stopped her words, her shaking lips refused to obey her will, and lifting the flowers to her face to hide it, she wept a moment in silence.

"He gave me these," she said, trying to smile a little, as she recovered calm. "I am going to keep them all my life long."

Ethel had not said her love was great and pure and deep, she had not even confessed her love in words, but it was all told now in her patient tears, and in the serene, sad look on her sweet face. The coldest heart, seeing these, must have been touched, for they spoke with the forlornest, mournfullest eloquence that sorrow and her blind guide, love, can utter. They struck upon that remembrance ever green within us—the memory of youth—and feeling a sudden wound upon her soul, Mrs. Hatherleigh's pride gave way.

"We were all young once," she said, softly. "I can understand your sorrow. But do not grieve hopelessly. It ought to comfort you to know that Lady Augusta has long wished for this, and if Lord and Lady Coryton should at first object—"

But here Ethel's flushed and amazed look arrested the words on Mrs. Hatherleigh's lips.

"Is it possible that I am mistaken?" resumed Mrs. Hatherleigh; "and it is not Lord Brimblecombe of whom you are thinking?"

"No, indeed," answered Ethel, with crimsoned cheeks.

Mrs. Hatherleigh flushed also, and a shade of infinite vexation darkened her fair face.

"Of whom, then, are we talking?" she asked, dryly. "Let us understand each other. I wish to have your confidence."

Her manner was softer than her words, which seemed imperious, as if she demanded confidence as a right. Ethel felt this strangely, and yielded to it instinctively, she knew not why.

"Should I have spoken of him to you?" she said. "Could I have given myself the pain of speaking, if you were not very near to him, and had not a right to hear the truth? Oh, I could not have suffered this anguish if his name and yours had not been the same."

"Ralph Hatherleigh! Is it possible you are speaking of that young man?"

Mrs. Hatherleigh's voice was so sharp and full of pain, that Ethel trembled as she heard it. To speak, she had herself torn away her veil of shyness, and she was shrinking and quivering now with the agony of that suffering; yet, in the midst of her sorrow, she felt for the pain ringing out in that sharp voice—she felt the wounded pride and family honor which spoke in that sad cry.

"Do not fear," she said. "I have told you we are parted. I shall never see Ralph Hatherleigh again."

"You have done well. I hope you will not break through your resolution. You ought never to have met him."

Mrs. Hatherleigh spoke sternly, with her proud face flushed, and her eyes flashing.

"You must give me your promise," she said; "that you will speak to Ralph Hatherleigh no more—I insist on this."

Her sharp words stung Ethel's spirit. "Am I her servant or her slave," she thought, "that she dares speak to me in such a tone of ownership?"

"Why should I promise you?" she said, resolutely. "I have promised myself, that is enough. There is no need of any other word. My honor is as firm as the Hatherleigh pride. You will not break down the one, nor I the other."

She turned toward the door, but Mrs. Hatherleigh's voice—a slight quiver in it—called her back.

"I will not doubt your honor," she said. "I respect Mr. Dalton. I think he has taught you well; but 'blood is stronger than water,' as the proverb says; and, being tempted, you might break your promise, as your mother did. You must go no more to Hatherleigh Heath."

"I am your guest," answered Ethel, trembling, "not your daughter or your servant. I owe you no obedience. Old David Hartrow left me a legacy at the cottage. I must attend to his commands, not yours. I shall go there to-morrow and the next day; by that time I hope his bequest will be in safer hands—then I need go no more. You have alluded to the poor, ignoble blood in me; you have cruelly insinuated there is no honor in it, go truth; that, being tempted, it must prove false and base. Oh, Mrs. Hatherleigh, your husband, in his roughest mood, would not have cut my heart with such words as those—words a thousand times meaner and more ignoble than my poor name. No, he never hurt me so; he even owned the poor man's sins might have risen from the rich man's hate. And am I here beneath your roof of my own free will? Did you not send for me? Mrs. Hatherleigh, I am prouder than you. I would not insult a guest lower and less happy than myself, even if the enmity of a thousand years of caste and race stood between us."

Not interrupting her even by a sigh, Mrs. Hatherleigh listened, as she spoke these words brokenly, with pauses in her speech, and tears held back, and color fading, till her cheek was like a lily's leaf when she ended. Then the worn face of her listener smiled, and there flashed into her deep-set eyes a strange look, which she veiled instantly with drooped lids.

"I forgot you were my guest," she said. "Old people, you know, forget many things, and the young school them now-a-days. But old people remember, also; memory is the last privilege age leaves us. I remember you said a Hatherleigh could not wed a Hartrow. You have said it to my husband and to me. Mind, I am recalling only your own words. I expect you to recollect them."

"Am I likely to forget them?" asked Ethel, sadly.

"I have seen girls forget stronger words when their fancies moved them," returned Mrs. Hatherleigh. "And now, if you are wise, you will throw away those silly flowers. The sight of them in your hand vexes me."

"They will never hurt your sight again," said Ethel, wistfully; "they and I will soon pass out of your vexed eyes forever. These poor roses are all I shall retain belonging to Hatherleigh. You will not begrudge me this little pleasure?—only a childish fancy, I own—a poor, silly, girlish possession—just a few faded leaves. But they will speak to me in a voice I shall never hear again; they will tell me of the love and happiness that can never, never be mine."

Mrs. Hatherleigh was silent. Perhaps she could not speak, for her drooped eyelids quivered, and there was a curious paleness about her lips, which aged her fair face strangely.

"May I go?" said Ethel. "I am very tired." Then she felt the fevered touch of a hand upon her arm, and Mrs. Hatherleigh's voice said, a little brokenly, "Will you kiss me, child?"

Ethel kissed her.

"For my dear love's sake," she said to herself; "because she is his father's mother."

The fevered, aged hand, a little wrinkled, a little worn, but fair still, did not let her go as their lips parted.

"You have never had a mother's care, child," she said, suddenly. "Now, for a moment, think me your mother, and let me give you a word of motherly counsel. Cease your visits to David Hartrow's cottage. If your name were the poorest in all the land, you should not give occasion to evil tongues to speak ill of it."

Ethel was very pale.

"I have said I cannot obey your wish in this," she answered, in a trembling voice—"no, not even if it brings down slander on my head. I am defenseless—I must bear it."

"I am sorry you are so resolved," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, letting her hand go now. "You are but slightly acquainted with my eldest son's wife?" she added, abruptly.

"Very slightly," replied Ethel. "I have not spoken to her since I was a child."

"I will not say she is a wicked, foolish woman," continued Mrs. Hatherleigh; "I want you to confess she has had forbearance shown her in this house—but I will say you do wrong to copy her. There is nothing will shut the heart of a Hatherleigh against you like walking in the footsteps of Lina Spence."

Ethel knew there were no good thoughts of her daughter-in-law in Mrs. Hatherleigh's mind, hence the threatening words did not strike her ear with much force.

"So you think me like Ralph's mother?" she said, half smiling.

"Yes—and I warn you," resumed Mrs. Hatherleigh, and her silvery voice grew harder, "that if you continue in this course, even Lady Augusta, who has always been your friend, will forsake you. She has been so much your friend, that, regardless of your parentage, she would have seen you her favorite nephew's wife. Strange as you may deem this, it is true. Well, even she will confess that 'blood

is stronger than water'—I cannot help giving you that cruel saying again—and you will lose her esteem for ever."

Ethel could not hear such words as these without sorrow, but she met them steadfastly, with a pale, firm look upon her face.

"I should be sorry to lose Lady Augusta's friendship," she said, "but I am so placed that I cannot turn back. If I lose all the world, I must do what my own conscience tells me is right."

"You are headstrong," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, and her tone was harder still. "Once more I warn you that Lina Spence did what you are doing. She sought adventures, she loved mysteries, she met lovers—to-day one, to-morrow another—she braved all advice and all opinion, and you will see that she will yet live to be the world's scorn. A woman who hedges herself about with falsehood must expect to see her defenses fall one day like a wall of cards."

It was Ralph's mother of whom she was speaking so cruelly, and Ethel could not help it if her face was clouded and her heart was angry.

"I know you do not like Mrs. Ralph Hatherleigh," she said.

"Not like her?" cried Mrs. Hatherleigh, with flushing cheeks. "It is more than a question of like and dislike between her and me. It is a question of life and death—"

Here she stopped abruptly, and glanced at Ethel with a look of pain in her deep eyes.

"For the sake of her child, who perhaps is no worthier than herself, all the Hatherleighs have shown that woman infinite mercy. But it is vain to hope for a dove in the eagle's nest," she said, sighing, speaking as if to herself. Then, with a sudden change of voice and manner, she addressed Ethel. "I will not detain you longer, Miss Dalton. You have sadly disappointed me."

It was hard to be dismissed under a shadow of unjust suspicion, and Ethel's heart swelled as she rose languidly and moved away.

"I trust Mr. Dalton will do me the favor to remain my guest for a day or two, to meet my son," continued Mrs. Hatherleigh; "and since it will apparently be convenient to you to stay here a few days longer, Miss Dalton, I hope you will not object to do so."

Ethel bowed her head, bearing the sneer patiently, which had rung out in sharp bitterness from Mrs. Hatherleigh's lips, then she laid her hand on the door, but once more the cold voice of her hostess staid her.

"Miss Dalton, I have a small favor to ask of you," she said. "Oblige me by not mentioning to Lady Augusta that you have met the young man, Ralph Hatherleigh. Above all, do not divulge to her that there is any attachment between you. Since it must be utterly given up, it is better to be silent concerning it."

"I gave my confidence to you," answered Ethel. "It almost seemed your right; but you need not fear that I shall bare my heart to Lady Augusta. I have suffered too much in showing it to you. I shall never stab your pride again, Mrs. Hatherleigh, by confessing there has been any thought of love between one of your kin and David Hartrow's."

"Say Lewis Hartrow, the poacher and felon—the coward who killed an honest man," returned Mrs. Hatherleigh, bitterly; "do not go back so far as David; there was old-fashioned, rough integrity in him."

The defenseless girl whom she thus struck so cruelly gazed back at her with wild eyes; then covering her face with her hands, she rushed away, weeping as she went. In her own room, she locked the door, and flinging herself on her knees, she cried out that she was mad to love a Hatherleigh, and she would go to her father that very hour; she would not stay another instant beneath this cruel roof. Then, with a shudder, she thought of the little cottage on the heath, and, weeping bitterly, she prayed for strength.

THE COSTUMES OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

We give this week illustrations of the cavalry uniforms of the Prussian army, now engaged in war with France. Like the army of other European powers, the Prussian army consists of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. In the war of 1866 with Austria, the Prussian infantry gained their victories by the superiority of their fire-arms (needle-guns). The Prussian cavalry is commanded by Prince Frederick Charles. We may safely say that the Prussian soldier is the best trained soldier, because everybody—the son of the richest and poorest, as well as the son of the Prime Minister as of the policeman—has to serve from his twenty-first year to his thirty-ninth year, either in the army or Landwehr. The latter is composed of soldiers who have served three years at Government expense, or one year at their own, in the royal army. Every person between his thirty-ninth and forty-sixth year is bound to serve in time of war in the garrison of fortifications or in the defense of cities.

LOST OVERBOARD AT SEA.

The great ocean race, which was brilliantly contested by the English yacht Cambria and the American yacht Dauntless, and brought to a close on the 27th of July by the victory of the former, was not without its dark side—its sad feature. On the 7th of July, the third day out of the yachts from their point of departure, Dauntless Rock, at the mouth of Queenstown Harbor, Ireland, two of the seamen of the Dauntless, while in the act of furling the flying jib, were washed off the boom into the boiling sea. The yacht was immediately checked in her course, and for two hours every possible effort was made, but in vain, to save the men. It was this accident, happening thus early in the voyage, that lost the race to the American competitor of the English craft. It will be recol-

lected that the Cambria beat the Dauntless by one hour and forty minutes. This time was lost by the last-named in the effort to rescue from a watery grave the men who had been washed overboard. The accident is thus recorded in the log of the Dauntless:

"JULY 7. Course W.N.W. Distance 140 miles. Lat. 49.23, lon. 14.23. This day begins calm, with a heavy bank of clouds to the southward. Middle part, fresh breezes from S.S.W., with fine rain. At 3 A.M. took in gaff topsails. At 6.30 housed topmast. At 7.30, wind and sea increasing, took in flying jib. In furling it, two men—Charles Scott and Albert Demar—were washed off the boom. Hove to the yacht for two hours, lowered foremast and got out boat, but failed to see anything of the missing men. At 9.30, the wind having increased to a gale, we reluctantly gave them up, took the boat on board and kept on our course. Double-reefed mainsail and took bonnet out of foresail. Ends in a fresh gale, thick, rainy weather, and short, high sea."

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

THIS scion of the royal house of Hohenzollern, whose portrait we give on page 364—By descent remotely related to the Emperor of the French—as the candidate of General Prim for the Spanish throne has, for a day, occupied the attention of the world; but, in the events of graver moment which have grown out of the use of his name, he has passed into political oblivion, or, when spoken of, is mentioned as one of the many causes that led France and Prussia to rupture the relations of amity which had previously prevailed between them, and which, before they are restored, may end in dethroning and sending into exile more than one of the reigning families of Europe. Little can be said of Leopold. His family, the Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollerns, have been very fortunate since Waterloo. Leopold's brother, Charles Eitel Frederick Zephyrien Louis, is the present ruler of Roumania. Leopold is the eldest son of Prince Charles, and was born on the 22d of September, 1835. At present he holds the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of Prussian Foot Guards. On the 12th of September, 1861, he married the Princess Antoine Marie Ferdinande Michaela Gabrielle Raphaelle d'Assise Anne Gonzague Silvine Julie Anguste de Braganca Bourbon, Duchess of Saxe, sister of the reigning King of Portugal. The multiplicity of names belonging to this lady has not prevented her from becoming the mother of three children—all boys—to Prince Leopold, the oldest of whom was born in 1864. This is about all that can be said of Prince Leopold.

The political significance of his candidature for the crown of Spain lay in the fact that he is a prince of the royal house of Prussia. In 1849, his father ceded his territories to Prussia, abdicating in favor of King William. In 1850, by a royal decree, the family were invested with the title of Highness, and with the prerogatives of princes of the royal family. In 1861, his rank was increased by his investment with the title of Royal Highness, which, being hereditary, descends to his eldest son, the Prince Leopold. Remote as is the probability of such a thing, it is nevertheless not impossible for the Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollern family, of which the King of Prussia is the head of all, to ascend the throne of Prussia.

NORTH GERMAN WAR SHIPS.

THE King of Prussia, being the chief commander of the military and naval forces of the North German Confederation, has, since 1866, when the Confederation was organized, done a great deal toward constructing a North German fleet. He ordered war-ships to be built and bought as fast as possible, and has enlisted 50,000 men into the marine service since 1866. Some of the North German war-ships were built in England, others in France, but the most of them at the old Prussian naval yard at Danzig, on the Baltic Sea.

The strongest ship of the North German Confederation is the iron-clad ram König Wilhelm I., built in England. She was originally ordered by the Turkish Government in 1865, but their funds becoming short, the ship was bought by Prussia, and she arrived at the North German harbor of Kiel, in Holstein, in September, 1867. She is a formidable ram, 354 feet long, 67 feet wide, covered with 8-inch steel plates, and carrying 26 steel three-hundred pounders, each requiring 75 pounds of powder per shot. Her machines are of 1,150 horse-power.

The iron-clad Prince Adalbert was, in 1863-4, built in Bordeaux, France, for the then Confederate States of North America; after their collapse, Prussia bought the ship, which is covered with 21-inch iron plates. She has two towers, and is armed with one 72-pounder, and two 36-pounders.

The corvette Vineta, built in Danzig, is 220 feet long, 40 feet wide, and carries 28 guns, some of them 24 and others 36-pounders.

The corvette Elizabeth was built in Danzig, and launched in 1869. She carries 28 guns, all being 24-pound rifled steel guns. Her machines are 400 horse-power. She is 224 feet long, 42 feet wide, and measures 2,016 tons.

The Arcona, Gazelle and Hertha are of about the same shape as the Vineta, and also carry 28 guns each.

FROM a series of observations, conducted with great care at Monaco, on the shores of the Mediterranean, a French scientist reports to the academy the presence of a stratum of air two hundred feet high, extending for miles inland, which is constantly impregnated with saline particles. This saline stratum, the writer asserts, is found on all seacoasts, is independent of barometric pressure or the hydro-metric state of the atmosphere, and is due to the "pulverization" of the sea-water by the breaking of the surf upon the rock.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE King of Prussia was once bitten by a mad dog.

FORDHAM, the English jockey, has an income of £4,000.

GUIZOT has taken to writing a children's history of France.

GLADSTONE'S salary as Prime Minister is to be made \$40,000 a year.

EX-PRESIDENT MILLARD FILLMORE is spending the summer at Saratoga.

THE new \$500 legal-tender notes are to bear a vignette of John Quincy Adams.

THE George Peabody statue in London is now complete, at a cost of \$20,000.

THE widow of General George B. Thomas has received his life insurance money, \$15,000.

FRANK MOORE, American Secretary of Legation at Paris, is writing a life of Burlingame.

REV. C. A. DOWNS, of Lebanon, has been appointed State Mineralogist for New Hampshire.

MAJOR-GENERAL E. R. CANDY, of the army, has been made an LL.D. by Wesleyan University.

THE late M. Paradol had promised a Paris publishing firm to write a history of the United States.

MR. STEVENS, our new Minister to Paraguay, arrived at Rio Janeiro with his family on the 30th of June.

JAMES BREWSTER, Grand Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Consistory of Maryland, died July 29.

FATHER GAVAZZI has arrived in Paris, en route to the United States, to attend the Evangelical Council.

ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY is expected to return from the Ecumenical Council to New York, August 17.

BRIGNOLI, the favorite tenor, and Miss McCulloch were quietly married at Portland, Me., a few days ago.

THE Prussian Government pays fifty thousand dollars a year to the political spies whom it keeps in Paris.

MISS PAYNE, a young American beauty, is the favorite with the Empress and her household at the Tuilleries.

HORACE PERRY, of Lancaster, Ohio, has a pet black snake, which he wears about his neck in lieu of a cravat.

It is announced that their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales intend to visit India at the end of 1871.

THE French marshals, MacMahon, Canrobert, and Bazaine, are said not to be on speaking terms with each other.

JOHN CARDIFF, for forty years a servant at the United States Armory, at Springfield, Mass., has just died, aged seventy.

EX-SECRETARY SEWARD, it is reported, is to start shortly, though in his seventieth year, for a voyage around the world.

MAJOR JAMES PENN, formerly a banker, Past Grand Master of the Masons of Tennessee, and the oldest man in the State, is dead.

It is reported that Kommerhofer, the architect of the dome of the Capitol at Washington, has committed suicide in that city.

ALEXANDER CLARK, a negro, is a candidate for the United States Senate from the State of Arkansas, and it is thought he will be elected.

MR. ASHBURY, of the yacht Cambria, is to give a purse to each of the families of the two men lost overboard from the Dauntless on the ocean.

CHARLES DICKENS'S house is to be auctioned off in August, and it is expected the corporation of Rochester will purchase it and keep it as he left it.

D. M. BONE, of Petersburg, Menard county, Illinois, is stroke operator and captain of the Yale crew in the annual boat-race between Harvard and Yale.

RED CLOUD says that if all his people do not make a treaty, he will leave them and join the whites. He is going to send his son East to be educated.

WHEN the King of Prussia met the King of Bavaria at Nuremberg two years ago, the latter told King William he would help him in any war he engaged in.

VICOMTE DE TREILHARD, who has been appointed as French Minister to Washington, was Secretary of the Legation here in 1865, and is now Minister Resident to Chile.

THE Irish Catholic bishop who died at Dublin, July 28, while returning from Rome, was the Right Rev. Nial McCabe, D.D., Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.

DOCTOR POPE, of St. Louis, whose suicide in Paris was recently recorded, killed himself because his wife was in failing health, and he was afraid he would lose her.

TARRANT, the well-known cricketer, died at Cambridge on the 3d inst., in the thirty-second year of his age. His largest inning was 106, which he played in a match in 1866.

THE Scandinavians in New York propose to have a grand demonstration in favor of Christine Nilsson when she arrives. A torchlight procession and a serenade are talked of.

IN 1849, Count Bathanyani, the Hungarian patriot, was shot by order of the Austrian butcher Hayman, on a vacant lot in Pesth, and his funeral has just taken place, with most impressive ceremonies.

PROFESSOR HENRY, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is in London, where he is to appear before a Parliamentary Commission, and give an account of the management and objects of the institute.

HENRY R. BROWN, of Newburgh, is authorized by the Government to make a bronze equestrian statue of General Scott, to be erected in Franklin square, Washington. It is to be made of cannon captured in Mexico, and will cost about \$35,000.

DR. AUGUST C. HAMLIN, of Bangor, Me., has been notified by the Surgeon-General that, in case the European war is continued, he will be appointed as Special Commissioner of the United States Government to examine and report upon the hospital and medical systems of the armies engaged.

SEN, the Hindoo reformer, who is now in England, is very particular about his diet and hours, and a printed note is always sent to the gentleman at whose house he is to stop, giving his hour for rising, taking his meals and retiring, and the bill of fare which he almost admires. "Mr. Sen," as the circular calls him, is a rigid vegetarian, and boiled rice is his favorite dish.



THE COSTUMES WORN BY THE CAVALRY OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.—SEE PAGE 363.

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL FAMILY —THEIR ADVISERS AND THEIR GENERALS.

Napoleon III.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the present Emperor of the French, is the youngest son of Louis, King of Holland, and Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine. He was born in Paris, April 20, 1808, and is consequently somewhat over sixty years of age. He took, with his brother Napoleon, an active part in the revolutionary movements in Italy in 1831. In 1836, he essayed a revolution to push his claims to the throne of France, but failed ignominiously, and was banished from the kingdom, having barely escaped execution through the intercession of his mother. In 1840 he was seized and confined in the fortress of Ham for heading a revolutionary movement, and escaped, after a six years' imprisonment, through the assistance of his physician, and returned to England. While in prison, he wrote several political and social works. When the revolution of 1848 broke out he repaired to Paris, where he was elected a deputy, despite the opposition of Lamartine. On December 10th of the same year he was elected President of the National Assembly. In 1852, by the coup d'état, he became Emperor of the French. It is sufficient to say that his government has given universal satisfaction, and that, under his reign, France has prospered in an unprecedented degree.

The Empress Eugenie.

Eugenie, Countess of Teba, is a Spanish lady of great beauty and accomplishments. She was married to the Emperor in January, 1853, and the result of their union was the birth of a son, March 16, 1856. The Empress was brought prominently before the public in connection with the Suez Canal, at the opening of which she was sent to represent the Emperor, and received the greatest honors from all the crowned heads and dignitaries there assembled.

The Prince Imperial.

The Prince Imperial was born March 16, 1856, and is fourteen years of age. Great pains have been taken with his education to render him fitted to ascend the throne which it has been his father's cherished plan to keep for him. The young prince is said to be very fond of athletic exercises, and takes great pains in his studies.

Prime Minister Emile Ollivier.

M. Emile Ollivier's political career dates from his appointment as Prime Minister in the present year. M. Ollivier is a comparatively young man, having been born in 1825, and is consequently forty-five years of age. He is said to be a man of great ability, and a fluent speaker. It is to him that many of the reforms lately instituted are due, and he deserves great credit for the energy and ability he has already displayed in executing the functions of his office.

Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta.

Marshal MacMahon was born on the 13th of July, 1808, and is sixty-two years of age. He is descended from an old and honorable Irish family, adherents of the ill-fated Stuarts, and is a graduate of St. Cyr. MacMahon is, without doubt, the most popular marshal of France, and one in whom the people place the most confidence. He first won distinction with the

French army in Algeria, and distinguished himself at the siege of Constantine in 1837. During the Crimean war he commanded a division of infantry, and to whom was confided the dangerous task of carrying the works of the Malakoff. For his brilliant conduct in this war he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor and a seat in the Senate. Returning to Algeria, he took an active part in the expedition sent against Kabylie. He was afterward appointed commander-in-chief of the land and sea forces of Algeria. In the Italian war he commanded the Second Corps, and rendered important service to the French army by arriving at the decisive moment on the field of battle at Magenta, and turned the scale in favor of his country by his brilliant charge. For this

he was created Duke of Magenta, a title which he has borne ever since, in common with his patronymic. In 1861 he filled the post of Ambassador to Berlin. Marshal MacMahon is the right-hand man of Napoleon, and upon him will devolve, in a great measure, the handling and manœuvring of the army and the direction of the war, notwithstanding that Lebœuf is commander-in-chief.

Marshal Canrobert.

François-Certain Canrobert was born at Gers in 1809, and graduated at St. Cyr, 1828. He served in Algeria in several engagements with great credit, and was decorated at the siege of Constantine. Canrobert also served in the Crimean war, and was appointed, on the death

of St. Arnaud, commander-in-chief, and undertook the siege of Sebastopol, where he was replaced by Pelessier, and returned to Paris, where he was decorated with the baton of a marshal. Canrobert commanded the Third Corps in the Italian war, and was present at the battles of Solferino and Magenta, at which latter place he sustained the brunt of the Austrian attack.

Marshal Bazaine.

Marshal Bazaine was born in France. He enlisted as a volunteer in 1831, and took part in the war in Algeria, always serving with great credit, and winning encomiums from his superiors. In 1837 he led two campaigns against the Carlists in Spain, and there received the grade of captain. In 1840 he was made lieutenant-colonel. Two years later he commanded the famous foreign legion, and served with distinction throughout the Crimean war, laying the foundations of his future career. Marshal Bazaine first entered the Mexican war at the head of the First Corps, but the following year saw him at the head of the army, having replaced Marshal Forey. On the 13th of July, 1863, he entered the capital and took possession, holding it for over three months against Juarez, and left only by order of the Emperor. He superintended the concentration of the French troops at Vera Cruz, which was regarded by some as a masterpiece of strategy.

General Frossard.

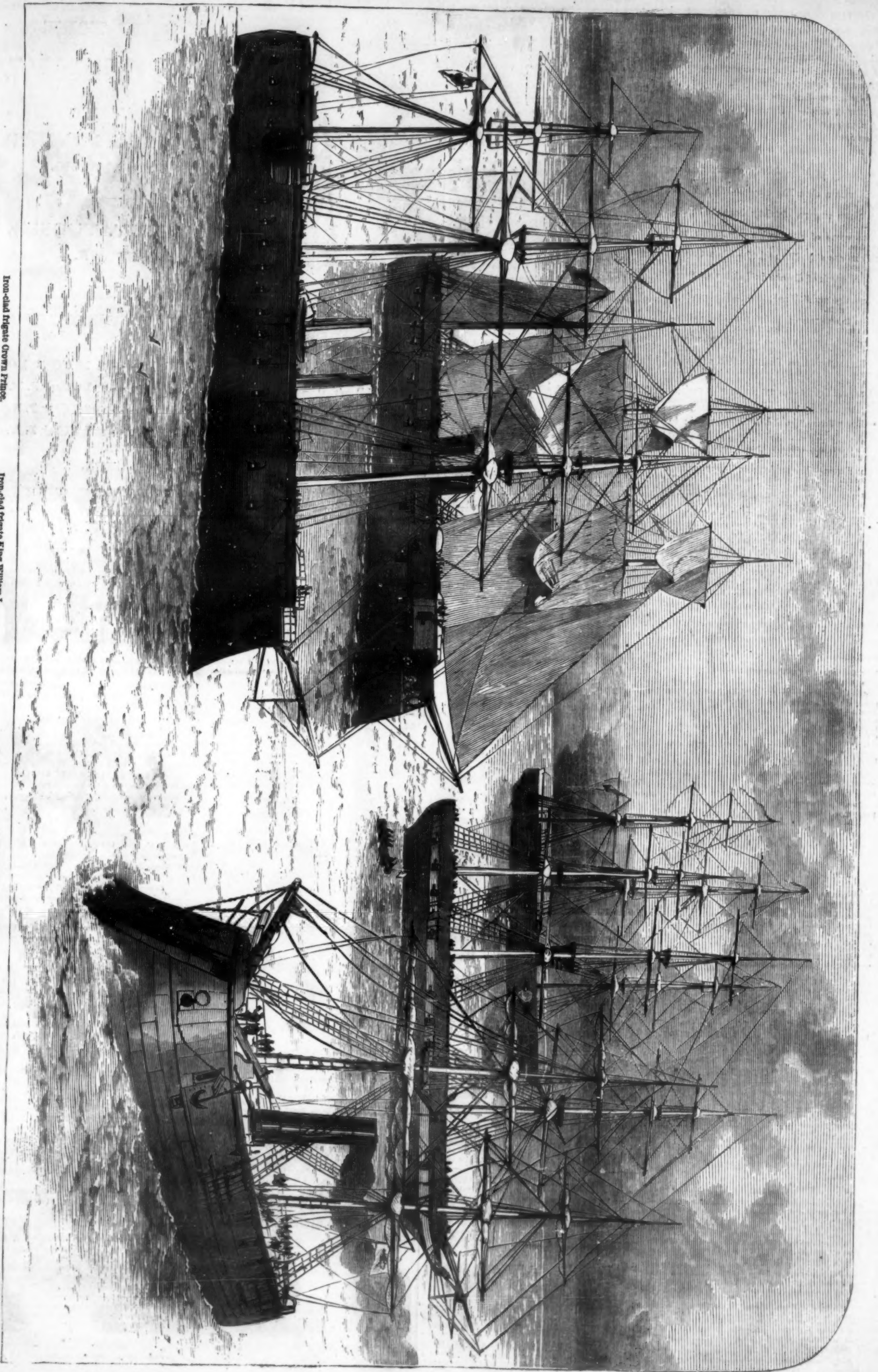
General Frossard commands the Second Corps d'Armée in the present war, and has four divisions under him. Frossard is a graduate of the *École Polytechnique*, the most famous school in France, and served in 1859 in the Italian war. He was made captain under Louis Philippe, and under the Republic rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1849. General Frossard is also President of the Committee of Fortifications, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

General Faily.

Achille Faily graduated at St. Cyr, became sub-lieutenant in 1828, captain in 1837, *chef de bataillon* in 1843, lieutenant in 1847, and colonel in 1851. He distinguished himself in the Crimean war, and especially in Italy, gaining great honor at the battle of Solferino. General Faily is the first French officer who made use of the Chassepot, which proved so terribly effective in the campaign against Garibaldi. On the 12th of March, 1865, he was nominated to a seat in the Senate. He is Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, and commands the three divisions which form the Fifth Corps.

How to generate steam quickly, and at the same time inexpensively, has remained one of the problems left to engineers to solve. Mr. Galloway has invented an apparatus which, whilst it does not claim to supersede all steam boilers at present in use, yet claims that it can be affixed to them readily, and, once applied, save fifty per cent. in the cost of fuel, and pay for itself within one year. These are bold assertions, and well worthy of the consideration of those who use steam power. The invention, as we understand it, consists in the application of atmospheric air, which is first of all pumped down a pipe passing through the flue, the air being heated on its passage; the pipe is continued under the furnace, and passing through, returns on the back under the fire-bars; and the temperature of the air having thus become raised by the waste heat, is driven into the boiler, and helps to generate steam in the chamber, the action of the piston-rod assisting the process.

PRINCE LEOPOLD HOHENZOLLERN-SIGMARINGEN, LATE A CANDIDATE FOR THE SPANISH THRONE
SEE PAGE 363.



Iron-clad Frigate Crown Prince.

Iron-clad Frigate King William I.
MEN-OF-WAR OF THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.—See Page 3-3.

Corvete Vineta.

Corvete Elisabeth.

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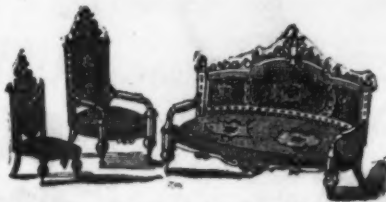
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2d.—The Low Instep.

3d.—The High Instep.

4th.—The Heel.

5th.—The Ankle.

6th.—The Calf.

Fig. A

Fig. B

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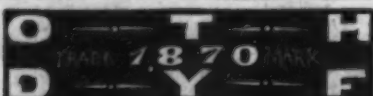
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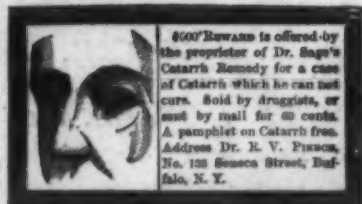
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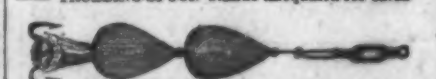
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